



PUBLISHED BY SOLOMON SIAS, FOR THE NEW ENGLAND AND MAINE CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. G. V. H. FORBES, EDITOR.

Vol. V.

BOSTON: WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1827.

No. 31.

ZION'S HERALD.

CONFERENCE PRESS—CONGRESS STREET.
T. ASHLEY, PRINTER.

CONDITIONS.

Dollars and Fifty cents a year—One half payable the first of January, the other the first of July.
No subscription received for less than half a year.
Subscriptions are forwarded to all subscribers until a request is made for their discontinuance.
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GENERAL AGENTS.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

On the death of Hon. WILLIAM PHILLIPS, who died in Boston, Saturday evening, May 26th, aged 73.

How fair a countenance hath death
To slumbers in Jesus—pale,
Indeed, as life, yet no line
Of sorrow breaks the calm repose
Of him who lean'd on the Beloved.

The saint

Is on his race—the prize is near—
The tumult thickens—heaves the breath,
And strong convulsions shake the frame,
But every pain bears onward, till
The shout of victory is heard,
And crowns and laurels press the brow.
No wonder death is lovely—that
Its quietness is like an infant's sleep;
Its silence hath an eloquence
Like some unearthly voice that pours
A silver strain on ravish'd ears,
Revealing heaven's deep empire, till
The stars which light its empire arch
Shoot through the clouds that spread their wings
Between us and the world to come.

Sweet vision of eternal rest,
How thy strong consolations crowd
Into my care-worn, weary soul!
What roses twine the brow of death,
As life-day of triumph bore
Above to dwellers in the tomb!

I would not always live—I would
Not wear the weary crown without
The toil and starry crown of life.
Look at the glorious ones who feast
Have press'd the clay on Jordan's strand;
They bow'd their heads to taste the wave
And straightway found themselves in heaven.

Oh, what sublimity awaits
The hour of holy dying! See
Moses quit the crested rock
That cleaves the clouds on Pisgah's top,
To go alone with God to die.
Was ever mortal more'd thus—
To bid the tribes farewell and meet
With undim'd eye, unwav'd force
The King in vast Eternity.
Yes, so it was with PHILLIPS—he,
The patriarch of holy men,
Whose praise pervades the Church of Christ.
We saw his reverend form with those
Who act for immortality—
Each eye was on him to direct;
Faith flush'd his cheek, and goodness shone
In the full beaming of his eye;
Strong was his mountain, for his base
Scarce touch'd this earth—its summit shone
In heaven. The weary sun was down—
The week was ended—Phillips went,
And spent the Sabbath day with God.

His was the glorious deed to leave
His name and purpose high enroll'd
Toward eternal years—
To scatter blessings till the stars
Shall shine no more on earth by night,
Or sing the morning song of joy.

Who stoop'd to catch the waving folds
Of his rever'd mantle, as
He left the yellow clouds and fell
With night shadows to the sudden earth?
Who now shall hear the bitter cry
Of poverty, nor hear in vain—
Or watch the moral signals rise
And pour his thousands at the feet
Of the Great Giver of his wealth?

To be with Clarkson, Butterworth,
Buchanan, Fisk, and those whose souls
Were purified with love and bath'd
In the celestial streams that flow
Beneath the altar's awful shade.
Did not a harmony awake,
A music kindle on the clouds,
To hail him rising joyfully?
Faith's vision saw him gently pass
The stormy atmosphere of earth—
Faith heard the angel harpers sing—

"Welcome, below, from battle's toil;
Thy banner, spear, and helmet leave;
Here are no deadly foes to foil,
No further conquests to achieve."

"Through Jesus' dying strength art thou,
Warrior, triumphant evermore—
His hand shall stay thy weeping now;
Thou canst not hear earth's ocean roar."

"Ascend, thy deeds have entered there—
A wave of glory bears thee on,
Through balmy fields of Eden air,
Where God's redeemed ones have gone."

Faith heard the harp's silver strain
In dulcet echoes die away—
The stars broke out—once fleecy cloud,
Across the welkin graceful flung,
Alone remain'd to speak of heaven.

SCOFFING AT RELIGION.—No. 2.

There shall come in the last days scoffers.
2 Peter iii. 3.

It may not be improper for us to proceed, in the second instance, to whatever relates to the practical, or *perceptible* part of religion. The offices and duties, which even *morality*, as well as religion, have enjoined us to perform towards our common Father, and Almighty Protector, are those which have too often furnished matter for the debate of the licentious and irreligious. It has always been their object to represent them as the offspring of enthusiasm, and pride, and superstition. And the arguments they would use may be properly couched in the following language:—"Is not the Deity too high and exalted above us to receive any advantage from our worship? Are our aspirations of prayer and of praise, any comfort to that Being who rests satisfied in the full enjoyment of His own beatitude? He beholds us as 'worms of the dust,' as insects of a day, passing before Him. What, then, but superstition, could have originated and dictated those forms of worship and homage, and those distinctions of sacred days, in which vulgar minds may experience delight, but which the enlarged and liberal behold with scorn?" This is the reasoning of the scoffer at religion and religious truth. To every man of common understanding, of common reflection, and, we might add, of common intercourse and knowledge of the world, it will not be disputed that the united sentiments of mankind, in almost every age and nation, are decidedly against him. Yes, inattentive and thoughtless as the bulk of men generally are, and engaged only by the objects they behold around them—one principle has never been extinguished in their breasts—which is, that to the Almighty, but invisible Parent of the human race, the great Benefactor and moral Governor of the world, both internal reverence and external homage, in one form or another, are rationally due.

It is not for us to inquire whether *Deity* need that homage or not. It is enough for us to know, that on our part we justly owe it to Him, inasmuch as the common has gone forth, for us to pray to our "Father who seeth in secret, and He will reward us openly."—Unswerving virtue and piety will always prompt a declaration of the grateful sentiments they feel, and find a satisfaction in expressing them. And over this little spot of earth, on which we, as pilgrims and sojourners, now tread, crowds of worshippers have assembled, are assembled, and always will, to adore, in various forms, the Almighty Ruler of the world. The philosopher, the saint, and the savage, have each their peculiar rites; and none but the cold, or the unfeeling, can cast an upward look to that beneficent Being who formed them, and who presides over universal nature, without feeling some inclinations of prayer, of praise, and of solemn devotion. But I cannot stop here—Independent of all I have urged, apart from these serious considerations, I call on him to listen to one of still more serious and awful tendency. By ridiculing the duties of piety and religion—by endeavoring to cast odium upon the sacred institutions of divine worship—he is endeavoring to lessen the power of conscience over mankind—undermining the great pillars of society, and aiming a mortal blow at public order and public happiness.

For, on nothing do these so essentially, or so securely rest, as on a general and well-grounded belief of an all-seeing Witness, and the veneration of a supreme and Almighty Governor. On what other foundation is laid the obligation of an oath, without which, the government of this, or any other country, would soon return to anarchy. In fact, it could not be administered, nor could courts of justice act. Controversies could not be decided—nor could private property be preserved inviolate. No! the only security against crimes, to which the restraint of human life cannot reach, is the dread of an invisible avenger, and those punishments prepared for the guilty. Take away this from the minds of men, and all you do is to strengthen the hands of the unrighteous, and to endanger the safety of human society, and human happiness. But let me ask, (and I would here point my pen towards that "Layman," who has so lately offered his gratuitous services in the Centinel,) how could impressions, so absolutely necessary to the public welfare, be preserved, if there were no religious assemblies, no sacred institutions, no days set apart for solemn and divine worship, in order to be remembrances to men of the existence, and the dominion, and the power of God; and the future accountability they were to render to Him? To every rank and condition among men, are the sentiments which public religion and piety tend to awaken, extremely beneficial. But especially in the inferior classes in society, it is well known, that the only principles which restrain them from evil are imbibed in the religious societies which they frequent. Destitute of those superior advantages of regular education, which all "Laymen" may be supposed to possess; ignorant, in some measure, of public laws; not conversant with those refined ideas of honor and propriety, to which others of more knowledge have been trained; were those holy and sacred temples deserted to which many now resort, would they not be in danger of degenerating into a ferocious race, from which lawless violence might be constantly dreaded? I will venture to assert, (and if any reply is given, to maintain the assertion,) that the man who treats sacred things with levity or scorn, acts the part of a public enemy to society.

Like the madman in Proverbs, he casts fire-brands, arrows, and death, around him, and exclaims, I am only in sport. But let us trace this identical character still further—and, we shall often hear him complain of the untruthfulness of the child, of the dishonesty of a servant; of the tumults, and insolence, and riots of the lower ranks of life; while this very man himself is, in a great measure, responsible for the same disorders of which he complains. By precept, if not by example, he sets forth a contempt for religion, and becomes necessary, and, therefore, accountable, for the manifold crimes which that contempt occasions among others. By scoffing at sacred institutions he is seducing the lower orders of the community to uproar and violence; he is virtually calling the false witness to take the name of God in vain; he is putting arms into the hands of the highwayman, and letting loose, or exciting or abetting all the evil passions of our nature.

Scituate, July, 1827.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY.

Are there heathen nations now dwelling in darkness and in the valley and shadow of death, to whom the angel of the everlasting gospel hath not, as yet, winged his flight—on whose unlighted shores the banner of the Crucified hath never been unfurled? To these the gospel shall be sent, they will crowd around its missionaries, and casting away their idols to the moles and to the bats, though the golden sceptre of mercy and life. The Father hath given to the Messiah the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. The whole world is included

in this encouraging promise; and it shall be, ere long, filled with the knowledge and subdu'd to the obedience of Christ. Although those things appear incredible and almost beyond belief, yet notwithstanding they will most assuredly be accomplished. We rest our hopes on Israel's God. He directs the complicated movements of all worlds. He marshals the stars and calls them by their names. He maketh the clouds his pavilion and treadeth upon the waves of the sea. He holds the winds in his fists, and taketh up the isles as a very little thing. And can he not bring to naught the designs of his enemies, and scatter and destroy their instruments of unholiness warfare? Has he not, in the ages that have rolled by, discomfited the proud ones of the earth even when combined and armed at every point? And what mean all the strange vicissitudes of kings and kingdoms and the amazing events which occupy the history of the morning of the present century? Have not the apocalyptic angels poured out their vials upon continental Europe? Is she not, even now, writhing under the lashes of its indignation? Are not the thrones of her despots gathering blackness, and the hand of desolation depopulating her imperial cities, and laying waste the produce of her fields and gardens? Do not her scepter'd chiefs tremble while they behold the march of mind adorned with the trophies of the true faith, advancing with rapid strides through their enslaved dominions? O yes, thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. For his blessed spirit, taking the wings of light, has gone forth scattering the seed of divine knowledge into all lands. Behold! from the ice bound cliffs of Greenland to the voluptuous banks of the Ganges, they are shooting up in rich, beautiful, and flourishing trees, trees of righteousness, planted by the hand of God.

J. N. M.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

HAPPINESS.

Mortals are so constituted that happiness appears to be the end for which all are striving. The mind in infancy is often anticipating the joys of youth, and youth the joys of manhood; but one pleasure after another eludes us, and we find ourselves still searching after something new.

Are we ambitious that our names may be found among the highest of our associates, distinguished for learning, or famed for wit? If beyond our expectation we arrive at the pinnacle of our wishes, yet we are not satisfied; our fainting thirst for happiness cries out for something new.

If to be rich constitutes the highest wish of our heart, and Providence smiling upon our toil gives prosperity to our designs so that we find ourselves numbered among those who are renowned for their fortunes, still the aching void remains, and however satisfied with the fulfillment of every earthly desire, we find the unsatisfied soul crying out for something new.

Oh, how blinded we are to our dearest interest, while we thus go on indulging such vague notions of happiness! If Heaven had left us in this situation without providing any thing which at last might fill us with happiness and joy, how miserable we should have been! But thanks be to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that he has provided for us, this,

"Which nothing earthly gives, nor can destroy."

Heaven is held out to us with all its lovely, never-fading bliss, and ere we arrive at that haven of eternal rest, the Father of our spirits sheds upon us the blessings of the upper world. The divine Being calls us children of the kingdom, while the dear Redeemer owns us as members of his Father's family.

Who would not be a child of Heaven? Who would not wish to claim a mansion, above this flattering world as his home? Alas! alas! too many are now living as enemies to God—tossed upon the uncertain waves of life with no interest in the Saviour. True peace never was an inmate of their troubled bosoms; O, when will mortals be wise? when will all have regard to their eternal interests?

Ye wanderers after joy and peace;
Ye strangers yet to happiness;
Come taste the Saviour's dying love,
The height of happiness you'll prove.

Hark! did you hear the Saviour's groan,
It was for sin—sin not his own,
For us he groan'd—for us he died—
The blessed Jesus crucified!

Then we'll forsake the joys of earth,
And seek for those of heavenly birth;
Our all in Jesus we shall find—
Enough to fill the immortal mind.

LUCY.

MISCELLANY.

From the Boston Gazette.

LAYING OF A CORNER STONE.

The corner stone of the First Presbyterian Church Cedar and Piedmont streets, in the city of Boston, was laid on the morning of the 4th July, at six o'clock, by the Rev. James Sabine, Pastor of the Church. The order was as follows. Rev. S. A. Bumsted read the Act of Incorporation, with a brief minute of the progress of the Society, the Rev. D. Sharp, pastor of the 3d Baptist church, offered prayers; and the following address was delivered by Mr. Sabine upon laying the stone. A silver plate, with an appropriate inscription, and the names of the committee and builders, was inserted along with a copy of the New Testament and some other articles.

ADDRESS.

This stone is laid at the corner of this rising building in the name of God Almighty the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. That name in which, as Christians, we have been baptized. The Temple to be erected on this foundation, is sacred to the worship of Jehovah: here the gospel ministry is to be continued, divine ordinances dispensed, and the souls of men nourished up in the knowledge of truth, unto life eternal.

That this stone should be laid by the same hands as were engaged in a similar labor once before, in this city, may be supposed, by some, to be a matter of self-complacency, and that the actors in this scene take great credit to themselves. True, this, however, nothing can be farther from the truth. It is an occasion deeply to be regretted, and the cause of it involves a train of consequences by no means tending to promote the peace of Christ's church. But these are questions not to be agitated at this time. The morning of the 4th of July, 1827, opens upon the First Presbyterian Society, assembled in the low and humble building of Piedmont. The house is building in Piedmont Place—a situation assigned them by powers above their control, and to which they have thought it their duty to submit.

The 4th of July, fellow citizens, is the day of your national birth; this day is also the era of our independence. Our excitement has been long and wearisome; the hours too of the morning watch have passed under the painful alternate of hope and fear: the

dawn of day, however, has been with fairer promises, the foundation of our asylum is laid, and the corner stone bears an auspicious date.

Brethren of the Society, this day your pledge is acknowledged by the Almighty, and Jesus Christ is the faithful and true witness. You pledge yourselves to be true to the cause already espoused, and to which you have long sacrificed, and in the service of which your endurance and patience have been tried. The cause is religious liberty, the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Religious liberty is the first fruit of civil liberty, and it is the sweetest, fairest fruit borne by the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God. The liberty for which we contend, is not in the assumption of a right to think and act in defiance of divine authority—not in asserting a right to believe any thing we please, or what may be more convenient and profitable, or what may be more popular and pleasing to others around us. No, our liberty is asserted in a declared belief, that we are bound to abide by whatever God has revealed, as the rule of our faith, and practice. We would for liberty to worship, without molestation, before the throne of God and the Lamb—for liberty to assert our faith in the unity of the divine essence, in opposition to Gods many, in the headship and supreme authority of the Almighty Saviour, for liberty to place our entire confidence, as sinners, in his most precious blood, by the shedding of which, he has redeemed a people out of all nations to be a peculiar people to himself, that by his spirit they may be to the praise and glory of his grace. On the other hand we disclaim all right to interfere with the privileges and rights of other professing Christians. While we feel ourselves justified in making the most of our means and talents in promoting the interest of our own particular denomination and society; we do not feel that we have any right delegated to us by the great Head of the church, but such as is of a moral character, or that can be exercised upon a purely moral principle. The only weapon in this warfare, if we are called to contend with the powers of darkness, is the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God. And if our lot should be so cast, as that we are called to compete with other bodies of Christians, we are bound to know of no lawful strife, but who shall most imitate the Lord Jesus, and be in the strictest conformity to his doctrine and spirit.

The times are increasingly momentous; knowledge is increasing in the earth—population is enlarging, there is a proportional demand for instruction; church territory must increase, some portion of the property of business men must be spared from secular concerns, for concerns more spiritual. Church building, then, is not a mere business concern, it is a devotion of money not to be paid back again with principal and interest, it is money put out to be converted into capital property of a higher value, and its return will be in a stock of good works, in the fruits of righteousness adorning the lives and enriching the treasures of future generations. Our children, and our neighbors and their children, will be reaping the harvest of what we now sow, and thus shall we transmit to posterity a character worthy to be classed with that of their progenitors.

The house we this day begin to build is for a purpose purely moral; it is not for a speculation in money, in reputation, or in party: it is purely and only that a company of the professed followers of Christ, may enjoy the means of sacred instruction in attending all the ordinances of the gospel, and be indulged with the privilege of endeavoring to bring others into the same common fellowship. As a people we acknowledge with gratitude all the kind assistance we have received, by which we have been enabled to venture on the doing of this day. We still implore the help of all the benevolent and kind hearted whose observation has fallen within the circle of our wants and necessities. Above all, we implore the aid of divine wisdom and goodness, and seek that blessing which maketh rich and addeth no sorrows. To the God of all grace we commit ourselves, our friends, and all the workers in this work, that they may be kept in safety amidst all the common or extraordinary dangers, attending the duties of such an undertaking. O Lord we beseech thee now send us prosperity. Amen.

Time of the Plague in London.—The fear of death did so awaken both the preachers and the hearers, that preachers exceeded themselves in lively fervent preaching, and the people crowded constantly to hear them; and all was done with so great seriousness, as that, through the blessing of God, abundance were converted from their carelessness, idleness, and youthful lusts and vanities; and religion took that hold on the people's hearts, as could never afterwards be lost.—Great were the impressions which the word made on many hearts, beyond the power of man to effect, and beyond what the people before had ever felt, as some of them have declared.—A strange moving there was on the hearts of multitudes in the city; and I am persuaded that many were brought over effectually to a close union with Jesus Christ; whereof some died of the plague, with willingness and peace; others remain steadfast in God's ways unto this day, but convictions (I believe) many hundreds had, if not thousands, which I wish that none had stilled.—R. Baxter.

REMARKABLE SENTIMENT, FROM PLATO.—Plato died at Athens, in the year before Christ's incarnation, 348, aged 81 years. It is supposed, and justly, I presume, that Plato had seen, in a translation, the writings of Moses, and other parts of the Old Testament.

The following is a remarkable passage out of his book "Of the Republic; Book II." Other passages, not a few, show that Plato believed that a Revelation from Heaven was both desirable and necessary; nay, that it was, or actually would be, given by the benevolence of the Divine One. He is speaking of the Inspired Teacher, who he supposes would come in the Republic. "This JUST PERSON," he says, "must be poor, and void of all qualifications, but those of virtue alone; so that a wicked world would not hear his instructions and reproofs; and, therefore, within three or four years after he began to preach, he should be persecuted, imprisoned, scourged, and at last be put to death."—Ref. Dutch Mag.

Moravian Love Feast.—The following account of one of these feasts at Bethlehem, Pa. is given by a spectator:

At seven, on Sunday morning, five musicians announced the day of the feast from the church steeple, by a solemn air on trumpets and trombones. The ordinary Sabbath exercises were performed in the morning, and at two o'clock a large assemblage was collected for the festival. The church is large, containing several apartments, beside the room for worship, which is itself 60 by 90 feet in dimensions, having a lofty ceiling, and the large windows hung with white curtains. One half of the church was occupied by the female part of the congregation, including more than a hundred and twenty scholars of the boarding school, in white dresses and caps trimmed uniform, "the sisters," and widows. The other division of the church was occupied by the males, among whom was a number of school boys, arranged according to size.

So large a collection, orderly seated on benches, and preserving entire stillness, had an imposing appearance.

During the performance of the choir, in which the organ was accompanied by violins and trumpets, six women and four men entered the church, each couple bearing a large basket of soft cakes, which they distributed to the whole congregation, commencing with the clergymen. When these were served, the same persons brought in coffee in white mugs, on wooden trays, which were distributed in the same manner, and of which all present partook during the continuance of the services, which consisted entirely of singing by the choir, the officiating clergymen, the females, the children and congregation alternately, and in choros. Excepting two hymns, the words were German, as was all the music.

Singular as the description of such a ceremony appears, it was conducted with so much solemnity and propriety, that no other than appropriate feelings could be excited. Typical of that fellowship which is the band of the Moravians, and from which they derive their appellation of Unitas Fratrum, this occasional festival is an apposite emblem of that social love which has received the beautiful encomium of David—"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity: it is like the precious ointment upon Aaron's beard, which flowed to the skirts of his garments: like the dew of Hermon, and like the dew which descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."—Church Register.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

OR A SCENE IN VIRGINIA.

On a lovely morning towards the close of spring, I found myself in a very beautiful part of the Great Valley of Virginia. Spurred onward by impatience, I beheld the sun rising in splendor, and changing the blue tints on the tops of the lofty Alleghany mountains into streams of the purest gold, and nature seemed to smile in the freshness of beauty. A ride of about fifteen miles, and a pleasant woodland ramble of about two, brought myself and companion to the great Natural Bridge.

Although I had been anxiously looking forward to this time, and my mind had been considerably excited by expectation, yet I was not altogether prepared for the visit. This great work of nature is considered by many as the second great curiosity in our country, Niagara Falls being the first. I do not expect to convey a very correct idea of this bridge, for no description can do this.

The Natural Bridge is entirely the work of God.—It is of solid limestone, and connects two huge mountains together by a most beautiful arch, over which there is a great wagon road. Its length from one mountain to the other is nearly 80 feet, its width, about 35, its thickness about 45, and its perpendicular height over the water is not far from two hundred and twenty feet. A few bushes grow on its top, by which the traveler may hold himself as he looks over. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks projecting ten or fifteen feet over the water, and from two hundred to three hundred feet from its surface, all of limestone. The visitor cannot give so good a description of this bridge as he can of his feeling at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy, projecting rock, and looking down a chasm of from forty to sixty feet wide, he sees, nearly three hundred feet below, a wild stream dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at the rocks above. The stream is called Cedar Creek. The visitor here sees trees under the arch, whose height is seventy feet, and yet to look down upon them, they appear like small bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch, and they looked like insects. I threw down a stone, and counted thirty-four before it reached the water. All hear of heights, but they here see what is high, and they tremble, and feel it to be deep. The awful rocks present their everlasting abutments, the water murmurs and foams far below, and the two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon, and the stars, and allow that none but God could make them, will here be impressed, that none but an Almighty God could build a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge from below, is pleasing as the top is awful. The arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness. Some idea of the distance, from the top to the bottom, may be formed from the fact, that when I stood on the bridge, and my companion beneath, neither of us could speak with sufficient loudness to be heard by the other. A man from either view does not appear more than 4 or 5 inches in height.

As we stood under the beautiful arch, we saw the place where visitors have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed up twenty-five feet, and carved his own name, where it still remains. Some wishing to immortalize their names, have engraved them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert them high in the book of fame.

A few years since, a young man being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life in the attempt. After much fatigue, he climbed up as high as possible, but finding the person that had before occupied his place was taller than himself, and consequently had placed his name above his reach. But he was not thus to be discouraged. He opened a large jack-knife, and in the soft limestone, began to cut places for his hands and feet. With much patience and difficulty he worked his way upward, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph, but his triumph was short; for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend, unless he fell upon ragged rocks beneath him. There was no house near from which his companions could get assistance. He could not remain in that condition, and, what was worse, his friends were too much frightened to do any thing for his relief. They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him precipitated upon the rocks below, and dashed to pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly he piled himself with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascended with incredible labor. He exerted every muscle. His life was at stake, and all the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not look downwards, lest his head should become dizzy; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended. His companions stood at the top of the rocks, exhorting and encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted; but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained; and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not forsaken him. His course upwards was rather obliquely than perpendicular. His most critical moment had now arrived. He had ascended more than two hundred feet, and had still further to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought of his friends and all his earthly joys, and he could not leave them. He thought of the grave, and dared not meet it. He now made his last effort, and succeeded. He had cut his way not far from two hundred and fifty feet from the water, in a

course almost perpendicular; and in little less than two hours his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top, and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy; but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted away on reaching the spot, and it was some time before he could be recovered.

It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and follow, in imagination, this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands far above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness, and of folly.

We stood over this feat of grandeur about four hours; but from my own feelings I should have supposed it not over half an hour. There is a little cottage near, lately built; here we were desired to write our names as visitors to the bridge, in a large book for that purpose. Two large volumes were nearly filled already. Having immortalized our names, by enrolling them in this book, we silently returned to our horses, wondering at this great work of nature, and we could not but be filled with astonishment at the amazing power of Him who can clothe himself in wonder and terror, to throw around His works the mantle of sublimity.

AFFECTING NARRATIVE.

The following interesting account is given by the late Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott when editor, some years ago, of "The Minister of the Scotch Border." It has hardly a parallel in its kind:—"I once, in my early days," says Dr. Currie, "heard (it was night I could not see) a traveler drowning, not in the Annan itself, but in the Frith of Solway, close by the mouth of that river. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him in the night, as he was passing the sands of Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water three feet abreast. The traveler got upon a standing net a little way from the shore. There he had lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance, till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of the night, and amidst the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance—no one knew where he was:—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose—the tide had ebbed—and the poor traveler was found washed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind." It is hardly conceivable that any incident ever occurred better calculated to excite the strongest sympathies of human beings.

Volcano.—In May last, three gentlemen residing in Mexico ascended to the summit of the celebrated volcano of Popocatepetl, near the city of Mexico. Of the many attempts that have been made to reach the top of this stupendous mountain, this is the only one that has succeeded. The party left the city May 15th and on the 19th reached the height of 12,541 feet above the level of the sea, where they passed the night. On the 20th they mounted their mules, and soon passed the bounds of all vegetation, and entered upon a region so stony and precipitous that they were obliged to abandon their mules and proceed on foot. The difficulties of the ascent increased as they advanced—there was no bush or shrub by which they might support themselves, and the stones upon which they stepped frequently rolled from under them, and went thundering down the side of the mountain, endangering the safety of those who might happen to be below. Their Indian servants became so terrified that nothing could induce them to continue farther; they returned to the place where they had passed the preceding night. The rest of the party clambered from rock to rock, encountering many difficulties and dangers, until they suddenly discovered the object of their labors and sufferings. They had passed the day in profound solitude without seeing a plant, bird or insect, in the midst of broken rocks, and horrible precipices; experiencing severe pains in the head and knees, a difficulty of breathing, and a disposition to vomit. They found the crater to be nearly circular and about a mile in circumference; the shape like that of a tunnel, and the depth immense. The spectacle was awful and appalling. The eruptions were almost uninterrupted, casting up showers of stones, which fell back within the crater, excepting a small number which fell outside of the opening, and sending forth clouds of ashes and smoke. The noise of the eruptions was like thunder, and rose and subsided like the roaring of the sea. Having completed their observations, they retraced their steps, and about night came to the limits of vegetation. The highest point to which they attained was 17,835 feet (almost 3½ miles) above the level of the sea. On account of clouds, they could see nothing from the top but the summits of Orizaba and Sierra. At the height of 16,893 feet they beheld the city of Mexico, which appeared to them only as a speck.—*Hamp. Gazette.*

Rev. J. Wolff.—On the 27th of May, this indefatigable Missionary, with his wife Lady Georgiana, returned to London from a short tour on the Continent. He first proceeded to Amsterdam, where he remained about a month. During this time, says the Jewish Expositor for June, he was in constant daily communication with many of his brethren, who received him with much kindness, and listened with attention to what he had to say before them. Under the sanction of the proper authorities a public meeting was held, which was numerously attended, and at which Mr. W., after detailing his own views and relating the history of his late mission to the East, delivered a very forcible address to some of his Jewish brethren who were present. We have the pleasure to add, that this meeting at Amsterdam excited attention in other places, and that Mr. Wolff immediately received an invitation from the heads of the University of Leyden to attend a similar meeting in that city, and that meetings also were afterwards held at Zyst, at Dusseldorf, at Barmen, at Utrecht, and again a second meeting at Amsterdam at his return to London.—*N. Y. Obs.*

IRELAND.

Extract of letters from a gentleman in Ireland, to a preacher of the gospel in Philadelphia.

Under date of September 1826, he writes:—"There is a great anxiety manifested, especially among the higher order, for the education of the rising generation, and the distribution of the Scriptures."

"We have a great National Education Society, supported by parliamentary grants of 2,500 a year—for the education of all denominations, without interfering with the religious opinions of any."

"We have occasional meetings of the different religious societies in Dublin, attended generally by near 5000 people; most of whom are persons of distinction. The speakers, on these occasions, are mostly clergymen of the Established Church; which—notwithstanding its numerous imperfections—never had so many of its members truly enlightened by the gospel. Many of its ministers are men of great piety and eloquence; and many of its members are the most zealous and devoted Christians. Indeed there never was a time when there was so much union and Christian love among all professions, as there is at this moment. Churchmen and Dissenters unite in all their labors of love."

"We have a Mr. Pope here, a young man, who, though he was ordained in the church of England, yet refuses to take a living. He is one of the most eloquent men that has appeared since the days of Whitefield. He preached lately in the barracks yard of our county town—as no house could contain the congregation. The members of parliament for the county, were on his right and left, accompanied by nearly all the respectable inhabitants of that region. He preaches the great doctrine of no hope but what springs from faith in the atonement made on Calvary; but that where the atonement is received by the power of the

Divine Spirit into the heart of the sinner, it brings forth the fruits of righteousness, to the praise and glory of the Most High."

Under date of the 9th of February last, he writes:—"Great numbers of the Roman Catholics are conforming to the Established Church. Upwards of 500 in the county, Cavan, and many in other parts of Ireland; upwards of 1000 at present, and there is not a week but we hear of several conforming."

"Our schools, are now full of Roman Catholic children."

"This great revolution is ascribed, under Providence, to the following cause; opposition of the Roman Catholic clergy to the circulation of the Scriptures, without note or comment—and to the Education Society: the circulation and the reading of the Scriptures among the people;—and the conduct of many of the Roman Catholic clergy at the late elections."

MISSIONARY.

From the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.
ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

CONTINUED.

The Report was then read by the Rev. JOHN JAMES. In moving the first Resolution,—"That the Report now read be received, and printed under the direction of the General Committee," Dr. CLARKE said, "I consider this Report to be like a King's speech, full of operations, full of grand plans for the honor of the nation, and the good of mankind; and my address should be merely an echo of that speech; but the abundance of matter renders it impossible for me to echo more than two or three pages of it. I have been looking on the state of London at the present time; and every person from the country must see an unusual number of persons thronging in particular directions; and when he asks the reason, he is informed they are coming to be present at the Anniversaries of the different benevolent and heavenly institutions which are held at this time. This day, for the first time, the thought occurred to my mind, that God by a particular providence has intended that London should be the means of sending his salvation to the ends of the earth. Its geographical position on the globe seems to show that Providence has intended it for this work. An intelligent man in Scotland has made a projection of the sphere, taking London as the centre of one of the hemispheres, and has proved that the position of London, taken as the centre of the hemisphere, and the sphere being projected on the horizon upon that plan, takes in more land of the globe than could be done by any other projection whatever. I have found this to be perfectly correct: taking London, for instance, as the centre, we have the whole continent of Africa, the whole of Europe, the whole continent of Asia, and a portion of America, North and South, except two or three districts of Patagonia, of very little consideration; the whole of the habitable world then almost is taken in, London itself considered as the centre of this hemisphere. Look at the other side, and we find a vast expanse of waters, having scarcely any land among them, except New Holland, some of the Indian Islands, Java, and the Moluccas, New Guinea, &c.; and these would hardly make one fifth part; and I believe, taken in a proportional aggregate of population, not one twentieth part of those lands of which London is the centre. Now it appears to me, from looking at this, that God has intended to me, word of his grace should go from this place to the ends of the earth. In no place under heaven, this day, has he so set a tabernacle for the Sun of Righteousness; and from this place he goes forth as a bridegroom from his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race; and his lines have gone forth through all the earth. It must be the design of that Being whose name is mercy, and whose nature is love, to benefit all his human family by the light and blessing of the Gospel. No nation, I am sure is ultimately excluded from his most merciful regard; and though a greater portion of his light and power seems to be concentrated in some parts more than in others, it is that from them his word of life and light may be diffused all around. We shall find most Christianity in this country; and the word of God is going forth from it. To do God's work in God's way, there must be ability, disposition, and means. Now look at the metropolis of France. It has ability; it may have means; but it has not the disposition. Look at the other metropolises of Europe. They have or have had ability; they may have disposition; but they have little means. If we take poor Madrid, what do we find? No ability, no disposition, and no means. But look upon London, and here I meet with an ability, greater than I can possibly describe; I was about to speak of it, but it is too much for my mind: and here is disposition that argues itself to have come directly from heaven. It is not the impulse of a moment; but a flame burning with a steady light, and shining more and more unto the perfect day. Look at our means, the ability we have, and the disposition we possess. And what are our means? These consist in our commerce, and connexion with the world; and we have means to send any thing to all parts of the earth; by the credit we have gained, and the influence we possess, we can send to any part of the world. Again, we have above what was ever found in any nation since the foundation of the world, or since the introduction of Christianity into different parts of the globe, such a number of men highly gifted by the God of heaven, who in the face of ten thousand difficulties and dangers, consecrate themselves to their work, to go to the ends of the earth, and proclaim the Gospel of God to every creature. We have then power to send this Gospel; and, blessed be God, we are using that power. We have a disposition to send his Gospel; and though our power is great, our disposition is still greater. We have also the means, from year to year, to favor the disposition, and give effect to those emotions which fill our hearts. We find the men are always at hand, and when we look to foreign stations, dangerous as they are, we find one man rising up and saying, "Here am I; send me;" and another repeats it. So we are at no loss for men, we are at no loss for means and disposition; and, by the mercy of God, we have the power. Now let us look to our auxiliaries, New Zealand, stated to be one of the most unpromising places in our Missionary stations; yet there the judgment is made; countercarp is taken; the harness is carried; and we shall by and by be in possession of the hearts of these people; and I believe most of you are acquainted with the pious men who have gone to this place. They have much to impart, that will do the people and their posterity lasting good. We find that, in all animal thought, there is a certain commencement of vitality; a microscope will show the part of vibration, or something that will circulate from itself to the different members of the body: this is supposed to be the heart. Now I look upon London to be this point of vitality; and I look upon the London Missionary Society, the Baptist Missionary Society, and the Church of England Society, and unite them all with the Methodist Society in one grand body, determined to send forth the empire of God into the world, to destroy the power of darkness. All are united in one object, directed by one counsel, and all will tend to one end; to give glory to God in the highest, and to spread peace on earth, and goodwill towards men."

The Rev. VALENTINE WARD seconded this Resolution, and said, "There is one part of the world which has affected my heart more than any other; and that is, the West India Islands. Do we not possess the means of increasing the number of Missionaries there? It was stated in one of the Reports of this Society, that we had twice the number of Missionaries that we have already there, and if all other denominations of Christians employed a similar number to ourselves, provision would then only be made for affording Christian instruction to one fourth part of the black population of these islands. It is a fact, which we cannot think of without having our hearts melted within us, that we have not yet made provision for more than one sixteenth part of the black population. Can we consider what we owe to them, on account of the treatment they have received from Britons, and not desire to lead them to the enjoyment of Christian consolation? And then consider how they receive the Gospel. Do they come by a few individuals to hear the Gospel on a week-night, as is the case in some parts of our country? No. It appears that they crowd the Chapel on the week evenings. And shall we not provide the means requisite to send a full supply of Christian laborers? For there we cannot, as in other places, raise up Native Preachers. If a man be a black, and if in addition to that he be in slavery, though he might possess the talents of Sir Isaac Newton, piety unquestionable, and conduct which a man cannot impeach; yet he must not preach the Gospel."

The second Resolution,—"That this Society in its attempts to extend the spiritual dominion of Christ, and to diffuse the influence of his Religion in the world, solemnly acknowledge its dependence upon the blessing of God, as the source of all success; and, rejoicing in the zeal, labors, and prosperity of other kindred Institutions, and considering the usefulness of the field yet unoccupied in every part of the Pagan world, pledges itself, as its means may increase, and in the spirit of entire brotherly affection, to a still more extensive co-operation with them, in the glorious enterprise of bringing all nations to the obedience of faith,"—was moved by the Rev. WILLIAM THORPE, of Bristol, who addressed the Meeting at large on the great object of Christian Missions, to impart to a perishing world the doctrine of salvation through the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. He commenced his very impressive and excellent speech as follows:—"I determined," said the great Apostle of the Gentiles, "to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." In harmony with this declaration is the resolution of all Missionary Societies; they are formed upon the principles of evangelical piety; they are not rivals except in the great cause of Christian love and benevolence; they are not hostile, but confederate powers; confederate against sin, and death, and hell; and under the standard of the Cross, they march forward, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and terrible to the powers of darkness as an army with banners; pressing forward from conquering still to conquer, till the cross of their dying Lord is waved in triumph over every hostile power. The salvation of the world by the exhibition of the doctrine of the Cross, is the great end of all their Missionary Associations and contributions; and the salvation of the world by the exhibition of these doctrines will be the glory of all their Missionary exertions. The hill of Calvary is the place of rendezvous where their battalions are marshalled, and the plans and order of battle are concerted. How awful is the place! It is none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven. Here we see exhibited to our view the Patriarch's vision at Bethel, the heavens open,—the mystic ladder,—the angels ascending and descending on this hill of Calvary,—the Redeeming Angel of the Covenant at the head of his legions which are encamped round about him. It is here, Sir, we find all the grand and powerful motives to zeal, fidelity, and perseverance in this glorious cause. Would you know, Christian brethren, all the worth of an immortal soul, six hundred millions of whom are now lying in ruins in the heathen world, go to Calvary; carry along with you the balance of the sanctuary, place the human soul in one of the scales, and the world and all that is therein in the other; and while you gaze on the agonies of the dying Saviour, watch the turning of the beam, and see how it preponderates on the side of the soul of man; while the world and all that is therein, is but as a feather, lighter than nothing, and vanity."

[We regret that the delay which has taken place in obtaining the speeches from the Reporter, and the necessity of going immediately to press, prevent us from presenting our readers with further extracts from this very interesting address.]

This Resolution was seconded by the Rev. DAVID HENDERSON, who observed, "Twenty-five years ago I was sent out as a Missionary to the heathen world; and though I have never been permitted, by the providence of God, actually to enter upon the field of labor, and have been led to engage in different plans, and to lead others to engage in plans, for the extension of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, yet the advancement of the Missionary cause has never been long from my mind. Nor has it arisen from any thing like indifference to that particular Society, in whose behalf we are this day assembled, that it has been necessary to press me to take a part on this occasion; for though I belong to a different battalion, yet, I bless God, that we are all battalions in the service of the same King; that we have all been at that Calvary, to which our attention has been so eloquently and powerfully directed, and are all moving forward, in various positions, to attack the common enemy of man, and to take possession, in the name and under the direction of our great and glorious Leader, of the whole world, which is destined to be his inheritance. The only cause which made me unwilling to occupy any part of the time this morning was, because I saw so many gentlemen around me, who are far more capable of directing the attention of this Meeting to the subject of Missionary undertakings than myself; and who can bring forward subjects more deeply calculated to arouse attention. Some of those gentlemen have themselves been in the field of battle, and have sustained the burden and heat of the day; and I am sure they will delight our ears, and encourage our hearts, with details of Missionary labors and success. Permit me, however, to call your attention to two ideas suggested to my mind by this Meeting, one of which is of a very encouraging nature. When I look around me, and see so many hundreds of persons met together within these walls, professing by the joy which appears in their countenances to take a deep interest in the spread of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, I am reminded that the numbers now assembled, great as they are, are but few compared with the many thousands of God's Israel in this great metropolis, throughout the British empire, and throughout the world, who shall all at last meet to praise their Saviour; and when we think that every regenerated soul is more or less interested in the advancement of the Redeemer's cause, and in the full achievement of that for which he bled his head and died on Calvary, how is he bowed his reflection calculated to stimulate us to still further exertions in this good work! But there is another idea, of a most appalling nature. When I consider, that within these walls there may be perhaps between three and four thousand souls, (though of this I am an incompetent judge,) and reflect upon the religious state of those countries in which I have spent the last twenty years; namely, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Iceland, and Russia; and having had the best opportunity of ascertaining, in the different places through which I have travelled, the number of those who take an interest in the spread of the Gospel, I will venture to say, that in the Protestant churches of those countries, and in Russia, there will not be found a number of persons equal to those who are now assembled within these walls, that are really acquainted with the exertions made by this Society, and by other similar Institutions. I do not mean to assert, that there are not many more of the people of God in those countries, scattered about like precious seed; but they are precisely in the state in which our forefathers were sixty or eighty years ago, when these Societies were not in existence, and when they received none of that intelligence which is at present communicated to us from month to month. To most of the pious people on the continent this intelligence is altogether unknown; and if, in many of those countries, they were to associate together for Missionary purposes, they would be suspected by the police of the country, and be liable to be imprisoned; as many have been in one country, from which I have lately returned, for no other reason, but because they

glared to form an Association to advance this great and glorious cause. But, thanks be to God, we are not in danger, in this highly favored land, of any thing of that kind; but are permitted to labor in the cause of Missions. Let us then prove, that we form a just estimate of our privileges, by being grateful for them, and by redoubled exertions to advance the kingdom of Christ.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REVIVALS.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BRISTOL, PENNSYLVANIA.

Extract from the statement of the Minister.

An increasing seriousness is becoming more generally manifest, but especially among such as were formerly professors of divine truth, the most of whom are actuated by new hopes, new aspirations, and new desires; and we have the happiness of enumerating at least fourteen or fifteen souls, who before were dead in trespasses and sins, but are now brought into the fold of Christ, who are rejoicing in hope of the glory of God; and who give the most scriptural and satisfactory evidences of their having been born again and renewed in the spirit of their minds. Besides, on Sunday last, being Whit-Sunday, when, assisted in the services of the day by the late very useful and much beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Hall, we had a Pentecost season indeed. Ten new communicants, all of whom, as we trust, are subjects of grace, were added; between fifteen and twenty, who from various circumstances, had for several years unhappily retired from the communion of the church, were reinstated in their former privileges; and the Spirit of God was, although not so miraculously as of old, not less really present with us in our assembly. The accession to our communion on the occasion of the administration of this ordinance on a previous one, about which time we date the commencement of the increased seriousness manifested among us, constitutes the number added, within two months past, of from thirty to thirty-five.

I accompany this brief sketch with but one remark. Are there any who affect to disbelieve in seasons of more than ordinary excitement, or in times of more peculiar refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and the glory of his power?—My reply is, let such visit upon occasions of the kind, and if their minds are not blinded by prejudice, and their hearts deliberately steered against impressions, they will and must believe that the work is not of man, but of God."

Saybrook, Conn.—A letter from a gentleman living in the vicinity of Saybrook to a minister of the gospel in this city, states that the Lord is doing a great work in that place. About sixty in one Society have expressed the hope, that they have passed from death unto life. Others were inquiring with solicitude. At the date of this letter, on the 15th ult., this work was in a progressive state; two other parishes in Saybrook were sharing in its benign and powerful influences.

Groton.—The commencement of this work was about the 1st of January last, in a sudden and rather an unexpected manner, although a few of the church had been wrestling hard for the blessing.

The first fruits of the revival was a young married woman, of whom very little was known of her being serious, until she arose and declared what she believed the Lord had done for her soul. A short time after this, another woman became much alarmed in view of her sins. An evening meeting was held, and she being in great agony, could not refrain from crying aloud; and I believe that God overruled this to the awakening of many more. From this time meetings became more frequent; old saints confessed their wanderings, and "returned to their Father's house." The sighing of the prisoners was plainly heard even in the midst of divine service, and although requested to compose themselves, they would again cry aloud—What shall I do? Pray for me; pray for me.

Soon, however, their mourning was turned into joy, and their sighs into songs of praise; and suffice it to say, about fifty at length testified their love to Him, who "called them out of nature's darkness into His marvellous light," and are now going on their way rejoicing.—*Ch. Sec.*

ZION'S HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1827.

COLUMBIAN CENTINEL—SABBATH BREAKING.

The Columbian Centinel has lately possessed an unusual interest to many of its readers on account of the admission of a number of articles on the manner of observing the Sabbath. Much praise is due to the editor of a political paper who has so generously thrown open his columns to this discussion. The subject is most important to the community, and there is a peculiar propriety that a paper, which has come down to the present generation almost from the days of our pilgrim fathers, should, at least, be so favorable to their observances and sacred customs that those who love the ancient way of holiness should be allowed equal opportunity to express their sentiments. This discussion has excited much interest in different parts of the country; the evil of Sabbath breaking, and the particular act, complained of by some of the writers in the Centinel, are still perpetrated in this city. We turn our imploring eyes to the country for moral aid to suppress this indignity, not merely to the pious example of our fathers, but to Him who has consecrated, from the earliest period of the world, one seventh part of time to purposes of devotional worship. Should there not be virtue enough in this city to discountenance steam-boat excursions on the Lord's day, there is, we are confident, morality enough in the country to accomplish so desirable an object. The force of sentiment, as well as example, coming from the country, purer than the mountain air, will not fail to rectify our atmosphere. The editor of the Greenfield Gazette makes the following sensible remarks.

"A writer in the Boston Centinel, who signs himself 'A Layman,' (we are glad that he is not a clergyman,) is engaged in the laudable endeavor of attempting to show that the observance of the Sabbath is a thing of no consequence, that it matters not whether the hours of this day, which we have been in the habit of considering sacred, are spent in profane revels, or piously, according to the manner of our forefathers.—It was very well, he thinks, to observe it in former days, but the world has undergone such changes, mankind have now become so refined, so pure and enlightened, that the command of the ALMIGHTY, to 'remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy,' is no longer of force, or applicable to the present age. We do not pretend to give the precise words of the 'Layman,' but the above expresses the meaning of his argument, if we understand it."

In regard to the obligation to observe the Sabbath, he asks, 'whence is it derived?' Whether 'it be of Divine appointment, or the edict of men frail and fallible like ourselves?' The practice of enforcing the duty of the holy observance of this day from the pulpit, and threatening the profaners of it with the divine displeasure, he considered unscriptural. In regard to this point, we quote his concluding paragraph, 'All which, however, I look upon as without proof, and wholly unscriptural. It is a mode of preaching descending from another age, and not well suited to this. The holy now,' he informs us, 'are too much enlight-

ened,' (we presume he means,) to need the aid of instruction from religious teachers.

We have not time nor space to take up his arguments in detail now, but in concluding, will barely remark, that in our view, this attempt to do away the reverence which is felt for the Sabbath, to induce men to break in upon its quiet with the noise, tumult, and occupations of other days, is calculated to weaken the foundations of civil society, and to destroy our most valuable institutions. Away with this illumination, which sees no excellency in the Sabbath, or fitness in the command for its observance. It is an attempt worthy of the pen of Voltaire, whose ideas, in regard to this subject, if we mistake not, were quite in unison with the 'Layman.'

PRISON DISCIPLINE SOCIETY.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

The First Annual Report of this useful society commended itself strongly to the Christian public, and the friends of humanity generally. Some of the public demonstrations of the interest taken in the facts which that report disclosed are the resolutions passed by the legislatures of three states, that each member should have a copy of this report furnished him at the expense of the treasury. The legislature of Massachusetts passed the secretary of the society, Rev. Louis Dwight, \$75 for 500 copies of his report—the legislature of New York paid \$20 for 250 copies, and the legislature of Maine \$50 for 300 copies. No other proofs than these are wanting to establish the excellence of that report.

The Second Annual Report contains more interesting disclosures than the first, and is more worthy of universal perusal. It cannot fail to excite the greatest interest in the minds of statesmen, philanthropists, and Christians. It contains many tables, showing at a single glance the statistics of prison economy—many drawings of the plans of different prisons lately built or now building in the United States, and more than the usual aggregate of facts in relation to the subject of Prison Discipline, collected by the unwearied diligence of the secretary.

We have selected three articles from the report and feel confident that they will be read with deep interest. Will not Christians—the followers of Jesus, "who went about doing good," feel ashamed that, for so long a time, they have suffered "bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh" to waste away unutilized and unsupported in the pestilential, moral glooms of our prisons? Have they visited the sick—in prison? Have they once reflected that prisoners had souls to save or lose?

The first extract is in relation to lunatics confined in prison.

Imprisonment of Lunatics.—According to the last census, there were thirty lunatics in Jail in the State of New York. The lunatic mentioned in the last Report of this Society, as having been seen in a wretched condition in one of the Prisons in the State of New York, is since dead, and a coroner's inquest held over his body, declares, that his death was in consequence of sufferings he endured in Prison from cold and nakedness.

The instance has occurred in which a young clergyman, who was educated at one of our most respectable Theological Seminaries, became deranged, and was found by his friends imprisoned in Bridewell, New York, in the common receptacle hereafter described, of misfortune, disease, and guilt. As soon as the keeper knew who his friends were, information concerning him was communicated, and as soon as his friends knew that he was there, they procured his release.

In Massachusetts, by an examination made with care, about thirty lunatics have been found in Prison. In one Prison were found three; in another, five; in another, six; and in another ten. It is a source of great complaint, with the sheriffs and jailors, that they must receive such persons; because they have no suitable accommodations for them. Of those last mentioned, one was found in an apartment in which he had been nine years. He had a vermin of rats round his body, and another round his neck. This was all his clothing. He had no bed, chair or bench. Two or three rough planks, were strowed around the room, a heap of filthy straw like the nest of swine, was in the corner. He had built a bird's nest of mud in the iron grate of his den. Connected with his wretched apartment was a dark dungeon, having no orifice for the admission of light, heat, or air, except the iron door, about 2½ feet square, opening into it from his Prison. The wretched lunatic was indulging some delusive expectations of being soon released from this wretched abode.

The other lunatics in the same Prison were scattered about, in different apartments, with thieves and murderers, and persons under arrest, but not yet convicted of guilt. In this Prison it would seem difficult with the same number of apartments, and the same number and variety of offenders and officers, to make a more indiscriminate and improper distribution.

In the Prison of five lunatics, they were confined in separate cells, which were almost dark dungeons. It was difficult, after the door was open, to see them distinctly. The ventilation was so incomplete, that more than one person on entering them has found the air so fetid, as to produce nausea, and almost vomiting. The old straw on which they were laid, and their filthy garments, were such as to make their insupportable more hopeless. And at one time it was not considered within the province of the physician's department to examine particularly the condition of the lunatics. In these circumstances, any improvement of their minds could hardly be expected. Instead of having three out of four restored to reason, it is to be feared, that in these circumstances, some who might otherwise be restored, would become incurable, and that others might lose their lives, to say nothing of present sufferings.

In the Prison, in which were six lunatics, their condition was less wretched; but they were sometimes an annoyance, and sometimes a sport to the convicts, and even the apartments in which the females were confined, opened into the yard of the men, and there was an injurious interchange of obscenity and profanity between them, which was not restrained by the presence of the keeper.

In the Prison, or house of correction, so called, in which were ten lunatics, two were found, about seventy years of age, a male and female, in the same apartment, of an upper story. The female was lying on a heap of straw, under a broken window. The snow, in a severe storm, was beating through the window, and lay upon the straw around her withered body, which was partially covered with a few filthy and tattered garments. The man was lying in a corner of the room in a similar situation, except that he was less exposed to the storm. The former had been in this apartment six and the latter twenty-one years. Such are the minutes taken from the keeper's testimony, in February, 1827.

Another lunatic, in the same Prison, was found in a plank apartment of the first story, where he had been eight years. During this time he had never left the room but twice. The door of this apartment had not been opened in eighteen months. The food was furnished through a small orifice in the door. The room was warmed by no fire; and still the woman of the house said he "had never froze." As he was seen through the orifice in the door, the first question was, is that a human being? The hair was gone from one side of his head, and his eyes were like balls of fire.

In the cellar of the same Prison, were five lunatics. The windows of this cellar were no defence against the storm, and as might be supposed, the women of the house said, "we have a right to do to keep them from

freezing." There was no fire in this cell, and the women could be felt by four of the lunatics. One had a little fire of turf in an apartment of herself. She was, however, infuriate came near her. The woman was confined seven years ago.

The whole cellar is 55 by 33 feet, and the apartments, besides the space between one already described. These apartments are 3 feet by 9. They are made of coarse plank, about 6 inches by 4. The darkness was so great, that nothing could be seen through the orifice in the door, looking through the orifice in the door, time there was a poor lunatic in each, and has grown old, was committed to one of the cells as we open it we were stifled with the door on the inside, to secure it against the cold door was opened, and we entered the cell, and he was indistinctly seen in his old age. He said, however, that he was not sick, and he appeared cheerful.

An emaciated female was found in a cell, near, where she had been nearly two years. A colored woman in another, in which had been four years. And a miserable man in a cell, in which he had been four years.

Amidst all this wretchedness, it was not to learn, that sickness and death had been common, as incredible as the testimony of the various scenes alluded to.

Besides the lunatics here mentioned, been found in Jail, in different parts of the State, and considerable effort has been made from which to ascertain the whole number in Jail in the United States; by which the number in all, probably exceeded 100.

The extract that follows is earnestly to the attention of Christians.

Insolation of the Christian Community.—The fact, that the Prisons, in the South of the Potomac, are not visited at times or Christians. Of course they have never on the Sabbath; no Sabbath school, or tract of young convicts; and no attention to the Christian and Christian to prevent any possibility exist in these miserable places. In fact, it is not known, that any benevolent individuals have ever been forerence to this subject.

In the District of Columbia, the misdeeds have become proverbial, and the reason has been withheld from the public prints to the character of the country.

In the Baltimore Jail, it does not time, unless its character is changed with to perceive the effects of intoxicating liquors; an evil which could hardly be said, if the Christian community in that state awake on the subject.

In Philadelphia, there still exists one of the most extensive and corrupt whole country. Its crowded night robed through; its enormous expenses; mortality; its issues of highway robbery and thieves, as proved by its recommissioned not to be surpassed by any Prison States. This state of things could not be of the Christian community generally, had felt that interest in this subject, which a few philanthropic individuals, influence a most magnificent and costly, being partially built. It is however to be mented, that this Prison will not probably in less than five years; during which time, rate of mortality, a number of convicts, half the number now in prison, will have more to be dreaded even than death, are more abundant, which are not of use, and in this Prison, and which cannot while it shall continue to be occupied, things were known and felt by the Christian community, and the work of reform would rapidly.

In New York, the miseries of Bridewell, in regard to jail fever, have been already described. But more lamented even than this is the contagion of the indiscriminate mingling of two classes annually of all ages and degrees of crime. It is not to be supposed, that a prisoner who has been presented as such again to the grand jury, should remain till the twenty-fourth of the City Hall, in New York, of Christ and the ministers of the same do their duty.

In Connecticut, the opinion has prevailed, nearly twenty years, that New Prison in this country. And yet, no representation of its character within years has produced a great change in its management; much more might be done, turning this miserable place, under every head; its filth; its punishments; its unprofitable labor; its enormous expense; its abuses and contaminating vices. We expected to draw a veil over the whole of this Prison, and the convicts are soon to be held in lasting remembrance, and may become, almost in the centre of the world, merely because its true character is not known, and as evidence of the importance of describing such places; for no respectable citizens in different parts of the country, on this subject, than a law which would unanimity to abandon the place and build a new Prison.

In Massachusetts, nothing more need be said of the Prison at Charlestown;—where the lunatics which has been given of the Prison, we can see these things he explained, under supposition that they have been in this the reason, is rendered more evident, that, when there were rumors of these evils in the Prisons of New York, a committee of one from each State, met to examine the Prison, and the committee has visited nearly every Prison in the State, and prepared a report, which will be presented to the Legislature, and will be a powerful aid, in the case of the case requires. It remains, whether such evils will be suffered by the State, or whether the facts are known.

The third extract reveals the remedy of our prisoners.

Combined and Powerful Christian Effort.—We believe that a better day is dawning upon us, and that this is done by the power of the Holy Spirit. We believe, that God works by means, and that the power of prayer, if then to be used, shall show the number, and the causes of crime gradually worn away by the blessing of God, in answer to prayer, and powerful Christian effort. We believe, that the people of God, in every State in the Union, and in every village, where there is a Prison, shall enter upon their duties, light with the of the darkest places in the earth, and shall have been in existence many years, and shall have been greatly diminished.

to need the aid of
to take up his argu-
ment, but barely re-
sistant to do away
the noise, tumult,
and to destroy our
with this illumination,
the Sabbath, or fitness
in. It is an attempt
whose ideas, in regard
not, were quite in union

THE SOCIETY.

REPORT.
This useful society com-
Christian public, and the
Some of the public
taken in the facts which
resolutions passed by the
at each member should
ished him at the expense
of Massachusetts paid
Rev. Louis Dwight, \$75
the legislature of New
and the legislature of
to other proofs than these
excellence of that report.
contains more interesting
it is more worthy of
to excite the greater
men, philanthropists, and
tables, showing at a sin-
prison economy—has many
rent prisons lately built
States, and more than
in relation to the subject
by the unwearied dili-

articles from the report and
be read with deep inter-
—the followers of Jesus,
d," feel ashamed that, for
ffered "bone of their bone,
aste away unpitied and un-
moral glooms of our pris-
sick—in prison? Have
sioners had souls to save or

relation to lunatics confined
According to the last
lunatics in jail in the State
mentioned in the last Re-
been seen in a wretched
prisons in the State of New
coroner's inquest held over
death was in consequence
Prison from cold and naked-
in which a young cler-
at one of our most respecta-
bles, became deranged, and
imprisoned in Bridewell, New
spectacle heretofore described,
guilt. As soon as the keep-
ere, information concerning
as soon as his friends
they procured his release.
an examination made with
have been found in Prison.
three; in another, five; in
ten. It is a source of
of sheriffs and jailors, that they
because they have no suit-
them. Of those last men-
apartment in which he had
a wreath of rags round his
neck. This was all his
nd, chair or bench. Two or
strowed around the room: a
nest of swine, was in the
bird's nest of mud in the iron
with his wretched apart-
It is not to be supposed, that a public nuisance,
which has been presented as such again and again by
grand jury, should remain till this time, within
the rods of the City Hall, in New York, if the
of Christ and the ministers of the Gospel,
done their duty.

the same Prison were scatter-
apartments, with thieves and
under arrest, but not yet con-
Prison it would seem difficult
of apartments, and the same
defenders and officers, to make
and improper distribution.
lunatics, they were confined in
It is almost dark dungeons. It
door was open, to see them dis-
was so incomplete, that more
ring them has found the air so
useless, and almost vomit-
in which they were laid,
ere such as to make their in-
And at one time it was not
revenue of the physician's de-
particularly the condition of
the circumstances, any improve-
restored to reason, it is to be
circumstances, some who might
and would become incurable, and
their lives, to say nothing of

ch were six lunatics, their con-
d; but they were sometimes
times a sport to the convicts,
its in which the females were
the yard of the men, and there
range of obscenity and profane-
which was not restrained by the

of correction, so called, in
s, two were found, about seven-
female, in the same apart-
The female was lying on a
broken window. The snow,
beating through the window,
around her withered body,
ered with a few filthy and tat-
was lying in a corner of
uation, except that he was less
The former had been in this
after twenty-one years. Such
om the keeper's testimony, in

the same Prison, was found in a
first time, where he had been
time he had never left the
four of this apartment had not
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rice in the door. The room
and still the woman of the
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door, the first question was
The hair was gone from his
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be supposed, the woman of the
right to do to keep them from

freezing." There was no fire in this cellar, which
could be felt by four of the lunatics. One of the five
had a little fire of turf in an apartment of the cellar by
himself. She was, however, infuriate if any other
came near her. The woman was committed to this
cellar seventeen years ago.

The whole cellar is 55 by 33 feet, and in it are five
apartments, besides the space between them and the
already described. These apartments are about
8 feet by 3. They are made of coarse plank and have
an office in the door for the admission of light and air,
about 6 inches by 4. The darkness was such in two
of these apartments, that nothing could be seen by
looking through the office in the door. At the same
time there was a poor lunatic in each. A man, who
has grown old, was committed to one of them in 1810,
and had lived in it seventeen years. The cracks of
the door as we open it were stuffed with hay or grass
on the inside, to secure it against the cold. When the
door was opened, and we entered the dungeon, he
could be indistinctly seen in his cold and filthy bed.
He said, however, that he was not sick or uncomfort-
able, and he appeared cheerful.

An emaciated female was found in a similar apart-
ment in the dark, without fire, almost without cover-
ing, where she had been nearly two years.
A colored woman in another, in which she had been
years. And a miserable man in another, in which
had been four years.

Amidst all this wretchedness, it was some consola-
tion to learn, that sickness and death had been rare.
A fact almost as incredible as the testimony of the
lunatics concerning the various scenes already describ-
ed.

Besides the lunatics here mentioned, others have
been found in jail, in different parts of the country,
and considerable effort has been made to obtain data
from which to ascertain the whole number of lunatics
in jail in the United States: by which it appears, that
the number in all, probably exceeds three hun-
dred.

The extract that follows is earnestly recommended
to the attention of Christians.
Institution of the Christian Community.—It is a gen-
eral fact, that the Prisons, in the Atlantic States,
south of the Potomac, are not visited at all by min-
isters or Christians. Of course they have no religious
service on the Sabbath; no Sabbath school for the instruc-
tion of young convicts; and no attention from the phi-
lanthropist and Christian to prevent abuses which may
possibly exist in these miserable places. In all this dis-
tinct country, it is not known, that an association of
benevolent individuals has ever been formed with refer-
ence to this subject.

combinations in villany broken up; Penitentiaries no
longer seminaries of vice; their officers men who fear
God and hate covetousness; the heavy burden of
their support borne by the hard labor of the convicts;
evil communication among them prevented; means of
instruction afforded; children and youth and lunatics
delivered from Prison and provided with a refuge;
causes of uncommon mortality explained; temper-
ance, counterfeit money, and the colored population,
less productive causes of crime; and evidence conclu-
sive of the approach of a better day for the most de-
praved and wretched of our race, in consequence of the
blessing of God in answer to prayer on combined and
powerful Christian effort.

LONELINESS.

I beheld, and lo, there was no man, and all the birds of the
heavens were fled. Jer. ix. 25.

A sentence like the above, found in the writings of
a pagan poet, would have raised its author to the pin-
nacle of fame. The prophet had contemplated the
great wickedness of God's ancient people under a
weight of mercy and blessings; he had viewed it in
every attitude; the awful turpitude of these untold
transgressions unfolded more and more; a voice of af-
liction from Dan burdened the winds, and another
great cry went up from Mount Ephraim. The prophet
was pained at his heart; the clangor of a trumpet
rang through his soul; the alarm of iron war fastened
upon his senses; the mountain weight of a nation's
sin settled down upon the care-worn seer. In a mo-
ment the scenery of vision changes, and inspiration
draws a picture of desolation which mocks the eagle
efforts of genius.

No man can read the four short verses that describe
this desolation without feeling a chilly horror creeping
over him, as if light and life and being were going out
with the last rays of the departing sun. The prophet
says:—“I beheld the earth, and lo, it was without
form and void; and the heavens, and they had no light.
I beheld the mountains, and lo, they trembled, and all
the hills moved lightly. I beheld, and lo, there was
no man, and all the birds of the heavens were fled.
I beheld, and lo, the fruitful place was a wilderness,
and all the cities thereof were broken down at the
presence of the Lord, and by his fierce anger.”

This cannot be said to be a beautiful passage; for
its awful import destroys the light of beauty. It can-
not be said to be sublime; for the emotions awakened
by the sublime are pleasurable after the first intensity
of their excitement has passed by. Read this passage
a thousand times and the bleak image of desolation
will rise cheerlessly to the mind each time. What are
we to think of such passages that cast such enduring
frowns on sin from age to age—in language too that
awakens feelings not to be classed with ordinary sen-
sations? Is not sin branded with eternal infamy by in-
spiration?

Let those, who consider individual or national sins
as small matters, pause over this passage, bringing
clearly before the mind's eye each image of desolation,
—then let them ask, what hath put out the fires of hea-
ven—what hath quenched the stars—what hath re-
moved the mountains—what hath erased vitality from
the voiceless earth—what hath rolled the wilderness
again over the place of cities and the fruitful valleys?
Sin—sin—would be the melancholy response to break
the unearthly silence.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.
FOURTH OF JULY.
MR. EDITOR,—You, and all friends to the cause of
religion, will rejoice with me in learning that we have,
in this place, discovered “a more excellent way” of
expressing our gratitude to God for the blessing of our
independence, than that of burning powder, drumming,
running horses, erecting stands to sell liquor, &c. &c.
Our procedure was the following:—The Free-will
Baptist, Congregational and Methodist societies united
and held a prayer-meeting at the Methodist meet-
ing-house at sunrise; it was an interesting season. A
sermon was preached at the Methodist meeting-house
at 10 A. M. At 2 P. M. a sermon was preached at
the Congregational meeting-house, and in the evening
at the Baptist. Here our young converts, subjects of
the late revival, united with us, greatly rejoicing that
they were “free indeed.” We all went home peace-
fully. We had no broken limbs, or heavy bills to the
landlord; no expense except a voluntary and cheerful
contribution to help our southern brethren convey
their Negroes back to Africa. We all drew a plenty
of good drink already prepared from our wells and
aqueducts; slept soft and easy at night and all a-
woke in the morning “independent” as the day be-
fore with grateful and pleasing recollections of the past.

New Bedford, Mass.
TO THE REV. LYMAN BEECHER, D. D.
REV. SIR,—In Zion's Herald, of last week, I read
your Address delivered June 20, 1827, at the laying
of the cornerstone of the church in Washington-street,
Boston. In perusing the same, I was a little surpris-
ed to find the following sentence:—“To all of the
above description who love our Lord Jesus Christ in
truth, by whatever name distinguished, of Baptist, or
Methodist, or Episcopalian, we give the right hand of
fellowship, and hail them as fellow workers in the
cause of Christ.” My surprise arose from the consid-
eration, that this sentence breathes so different a spir-
it from that which you manifested in the “Address of
the Society for the education of indigent young men
for the ministry of the gospel,” published in Con-
necticut with your name as chairman in the year 1816;
in which I presume you are aware that four fifths
of the Methodist clergy in the United States were set
down as incompetent ministers.

I know of no publication that has issued from
the press of your denomination, since that time which
has had such a powerful effect to alienate the feelings of
the Methodist denomination from the Calvinist, as the
address above alluded to. I think it is impossible for
Methodists to feel towards you as the followers of our
common Lord and Master should feel towards each other
until you have, sir, publicly renounced the statements
made in the Address of 1816. If the sentiments con-
tained in your last address are without disguise, I can-
not see how you can conscientiously refuse to heal the
wounds you have inflicted on so many of the followers
of Christ. Yours, with much respect, LAICUS.

Congregational Ministers in Vermont.—It appears
from a table in the Vermont Chronicle, that in 1810,
there were sixty-five Congregational and Presbyterian
Ministers in that State. Of these, in 1826, thirty were
pastors of churches in the State, and generally of the
same churches as in 1810. The number of pastors in
these churches in 1826, was 38. The greatest increase
has been in the north-eastern counties. The Editor
calculates, that for the last sixteen years, the increase
of interest in Domestic Missions, has been at the rate
of 59 cents to a parish; and that in case no new
churches are formed, at the same rate of increase, it
will be sixty years before all now destitute would be
supplied.

MORALS OF THE NEW YORK THEATRE.
In consequence of the sudden indisposition of one
of the actresses, who was to have appeared in the new
afterpiece of the “One Hundred Pound Note,” the
play was necessarily changed by the managers. The
house was very full, and when the fact was announced
there was loud and disgraceful clamor. The man-
agers tried to pacify the mob, for mob it soon became,
by reasoning with them. But reason was not the dis-
tinction of the evening, and they were not heard. The
piece substituted was the “Actor of all Works,” with
which the company attempted to proceed, but they
were pelted with missiles, and assailed with cat-calls

and every species of theatrical noise, so that the first
act was gone through with in dumb show. Actors and
actresses looked imploringly, but to no purpose. With
the second act they could not proceed, and they re-
tired. The stage was then taken possession of by a
crowd of ragamuffin boys, and the scenery and cur-
tain pelted until about 1 o'clock in the morning.—
Thirty or forty watchmen had been called in; who
were stationed behind the scenes, but they forbore to
show themselves in order to save the property from the
destruction incident to a riotous encounter. Finally the
crowd, grown weary, retired to the lobbies, where
they marched to and fro, stamping with all their force,
and continuing their shouts. The opportunity was
seized by the managers. The lights were instantane-
ously extinguished, and the watchmen mounted into
the boxes, and through them passed into the lobby,
clearing the crowd before them. A few of the riot-
ers had remained in the boxes, and in the dark, four
or five of the elegant glass lamps were broken.

Twelve persons were arrested and committed to
prison. On Friday morning they were examined, and
all but three admitted to bail. It was on the whole a
most disgraceful affair.

Dr. Lieber's Swimming School opened on Monday
morning. It is placed in the channel, near to the Mill
Dam, and a boat is employed to convey the scholars
to and from the school. A correspondent, who visited
the school on that day, with his children, to ascertain
the convenience and safety of the arrangement, and
the manner of instruction, was perfectly gratified with
both. Apartments are prepared for the scholars, in
which they dress and undress.—While in the water, a
belt is placed about the bodies, under the arms, at-
tached to a rope and pole, by which the head and body
are kept in the proper position in the water, while the
pupil is learning the use of his limbs: this he will prob-
ably soon acquire, as he finds himself perfectly safe
from danger. The utmost order and decorum are ob-
served; and an opportunity is now presented, under
an able and accomplished instructor, for our children
to acquire an art, which will put into their power not
only to enjoy an exercise which is pleasant in itself
and most salutary for health, but to guard them from
the many casualties, to which they may be exposed in
life, from accidents on the water. Such an establish-
ment has been much wanted in this city, surrounded
as it is by the sea, and we hope it will meet with good
encouragement.—Boston Daily Ad.

WORTHY OF IMITATION. We rejoice to transfer to our
columns the following order, and we hope it will travel
through the States. It comes from the Heart of the
Commonwealth.—Mass Journal.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Worcester, ss.
At a Court of Sessions, begun and holden at Worces-
ter, within and for the County of Worcester, on the
fourth Tuesday of March, A. D. 1827, and by ad-
journment on the second Tuesday of May, A. D. 1827.
Ordered by the Court, That the Overseers of the
House of Correction be directed to discharge no per-
son from said House, who shall hereafter be confined
there as a Common Drunkard, before the expiration
of his sentence, until such person shall procure a cer-
tificate from the Physician of said House of Correc-
tion, that such Prisoner has submitted to such a course
of medical treatment as shall be prescribed by said
Physician.

A copy as of Record appears.
Attest,
ABJAH BIGELOW, Clerk.

Melancholy.—An affecting instance of the force of
sympathy and generous feeling in inducing even timid
females, to risk their own lives, in the hope of saving
a friend, or relative, occurred at Cumberland Hill, in
this State, 9th ult. Three young ladies of that place,
Emma, Louisa and Frances Ballou, walked to a pond,
the banks of which, it seems were very steep. Louisa,
in stooping, lost her balance, and fell into the wa-
ter, about fifteen feet deep. Emma, extending a hand
to her relief, was immediately drawn in, and the feel-
ings of the unfortunate Frances prompted her to plunge
after her companions. A lady, who was present,
(Mrs. Frost), succeeded in relieving Emma from this
perilous situation, and her cries summoning some per-
sons to their aid, Louisa was also taken from the wa-
ter, but in the mean time, the ill-fated Frances had
fallen a victim to her benevolence, and sunk to rise
no more animated with the spark of existence. She
was the daughter of Mr. Eliel Ballou, and in the
spring of life, not 15 years of age. Her companions
were daughters of Mr. Ziba Ballou. On the 10th, the
body was interred with solemn and impressive cere-
monies.—Proe. American.

INTENDED MUTINY.
Narrow Escape.—Captain S. Maurant, of Barrington,
late master of the schooner Tartar, of New York,
sailed from that port for Pernambuco, last Autumn,
with a crew of nine men, among whom were two
Spaniards and a Frenchman. After being out a few
days these foreigners disclosed to the crew a project
for murdering the captain and officers and seizing the
vessel. Two days before the plot was to be put in ex-
ecution, one of the crew, a mulatto, informed Capt.
Maurant of the fact, who took measures to secure them.
He kept an eye on them until the afternoon before the
murder was to have been committed, when arming
himself, officers and steward, he ordered one of the
Spaniards aloft to do something on the fore yard, he
then went forward and ordered the others aloft to be put
in irons, threatening to shoot them if they refused: he
succeeded in securing the ring leaders, and the remain-
ing of the crew promised obedience and returned to
their duty.—Warren Star.

Accident.—Mr. Coyle, the celebrated scene painter,
was killed on Friday evening by the running a-
way of a spirited horse. It seems he was in a cart
buying some articles out of town—the horse took
fright in the Bowery and ran off. Mr. Coyle slid gen-
tly towards the tail of the cart, intending to let himself
down and alight on his feet, when unfortunately his
head struck the stones, which fractured his skull, and
he died in six hours. This should operate as an addi-
tional caution not to attempt jumping from a carriage
of any kind when the horses are running—the chances
are always in favor of remaining in the carriage.—N. Y. Inquirer.

It is proposed to establish an Academy in the vicinity
of Philadelphia, to be under the control and patron-
age of the annual conference of the Methodist Epis-
copal Church.

Novel Spectacle.—The tavern keepers at Niagara
intend enhancing the pleasure of their visitors by a
spectacle alike grand and novel. They have purchas-
ed a vessel of 300 tons burthen, which, with all her
cannass spread, and decorated beautifully, will be pil-
oted by a Frenchman into the Rapids above the Horse
Shoe, where the pilot ascends from the deck in a bal-
loon, and leaves the vessel to her own course in cross-
ing the mighty cataract. The proprietors will un-
doubtedly have a rich harvest from the crowds that
will throng to the sight, which takes place in the latter
part of September.

A dog was recently thrown into the rapids of Ni-
agara River by some unfeeling boys, and was precipi-
tated over the falls. According to the Black Rock Ga-
zette, he was discovered in the tumbling flood, by a
ferryman, pulling for the shore; upon reaching which
he was found to have sustained only a slight injury on
one of his legs.

Robbery.—On the 10th inst. Samuel Hinckley, Esq.
of Northampton, Mass. was robbed of about \$1800 at
the National Hotel in Buffalo. The money is suppos-
ed to have been taken from his coat pocket while writ-
ing with it off in the sitting room. Two persons have
been committed on suspicion, one a domestic of the
house.

SAVANNAH, July 12.
Execution of Indian Culprits.—We understand that
four of the Indians, who last winter, committed the
murders on the frontiers of Georgia, and to whom we
a short time since, alluded as having been in confine-
ment in Florida, were tried in Thomsville, (Thomas

county,) on the 14th ult. and found guilty. Prior to
the day of execution, which took place shortly after,
one of them, the most hardened and abandoned of the
number, made his escape from the guard in the night,
by slipping his hands through the iron which con-
fined him, and has not since been retaken. The
other three, a father and his two sons, were executed
at the same time, and on the same gallows, agreeable
to the sentence of the law. They were willing to be
executed, but entreated most earnestly to be shot, be-
lieving that their condition in a future state would be
ameliorated by that mode of punishment. At the time
of execution, the rope by which one of them was sus-
pended, broke, and he fell to the ground; believing
that his punishment was complete, he immediately
commenced a strain of the most violent abuse against
his companions who were suspended above him.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

A paper entitled the Fool's "Gazette," is said to have been
circulated in Prussia—in which, probably, are published all
accounts of duels—runaways by galloping and speculation—deaths
for love—accidents from intemperance, &c. &c.

New Well.—Mr. Diabrow has been employed, for some time,
in boring a well for the Corporation in Jacob-street, and has
lately stopped on striking an abundant spring, at the depth of
125 feet. The water is thought to have peculiar properties, and
has been submitted to a hasty analysis, which gives a large
quantity of soda, muriate of soda, and a little of the sulphates
of magnesia and soda, muriate of magnesia, and carbonate of
magnesia, lime, and iron. It shows little evidence of uncon-
taminated gas, and the only decided taste it has is something like
that of tar, the cause of which, we believe, has not been ascer-
tained. Many thousands of persons have already been to the
spot to taste the water.—N. Y. Daily Ad.

The celebrated full length portrait of Gen. Washington
painted by Stuart, at Philadelphia, has been recently disposed
of by Mr. Stanley, of Connecticut, to a Russian gentleman, for
10000. It was painted at the express desire of a person of dis-
tinction, and was presented to the first Marquis of Lansdowne,
then Lord Shelburne, by whose executors it was sold, with the
rest of his Lordship's collection. The original letter of Wash-
ington to the artist, appointing a time for sitting, accompanied
the picture, which was universally acknowledged to be the
only authentic likeness extant.

American Ingenuity.—Mr. Perkins has been engaged by the
French government to build steam artillery. A piece of ordi-
nance is to throw 60 balls, of 4 pounds each, in a minute, with
the correctness of a rifle musket. A musket is to be attached
to the steam generator, for discharging a stream of lead from
the muzzle of a cannon, in a minute as often as required. A series
of satisfactory experiments has taken place at Greenwich, at-
tended by the French engineers, appointed for the purpose by
the Duke of Angoulême, with one of his aids, and France vo-
luntier. Lord Wellington remarked, that a country defeated
by this kind of artillery, would never be invaded. Lord Ex-
mouth, after witnessing a new shower of lead, said he believed
the time would come when a steam gun boat, with two
guns in her bow, would conquer any line of battle ship; and
Sir G. Cockburn said, the mischief of it was, it would be to
annihilate what the pistol was to duellists—it would bring strong
and weak on a level.—London Paper.

New York Journal of Commerce.—Our readers will recollect,
that a daily paper has been published in N. York, which
will not employ its workmen on the Lord's day, and which
will exclude advertisements connected with lotteries and the
like. Some delay has been occasioned, by the difficulty of
finding men to manage it who were not already engaged in
business which could not be suddenly relinquished, and the same
cause will require a delay of a few weeks longer. We
are happy to learn, however, that editors are now engaged, and
expect to commence their labors on the last of Sept. They are
William Maxwell, Esq. of Norfolk, Va., and Mr. David Hale,
of Boston. Mr. M. is distinguished for his enlightened and
business with the whole routine of mercantile and commercial
business, and both cherish the principles and hopes of a Chris-
tianity. We deem this an important enterprise. Our political
and commercial papers too often follow the current of popular
feeling and acclamation, whether it be pure or vitiated. We
hope to see a paper, which will convey all desirable infor-
mation to merchants and all classes of citizens; but which will
flatter no man's vanity, and set its face like a flint against pre-
judicial abominations. From what we know of one of the ex-
pected editors, we anticipate such a course, with much confidence.
—Boston Rec. and Tel.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Fire.—On Saturday night, between 11 and 12 o'-
clock, the glass-house at Lechmere Point, belonging
to the New England Crown Glass Company, together
with a considerable part of its contents, was destroyed
by fire. By the timely and spirited exertions of the
Engineers from Boston and Charlestown, several
small buildings, occupied as work-shops, and belong-
ing to the same company, were saved from conflagra-
tion. It is stated that the above accident will not se-
riously interrupt the business of the company.—Bos.
Gaz.

An Avalanche in Vermont.—A gentleman of Fay-
ston, Vt. in whose vicinity the most implicit reliance
may be placed, has obligingly furnished us with the
following account of an avalanche of earth, or slide of
the mountain, in Lincoln, Addison county, on the 29th
ult. occasioned by the late abundant and almost incessant
rains:—

On the 30th of June, I went in company with 16 of
my neighbors, to visit the spot so singularly marked
by providence, which I am about to describe. I found
the slide to commence near the top of the mountain,
between two large rocks which were stripped of earth,
opening a passage of 4 rods wide, from which it pro-
ceeded in a southerly direction, gradually widening
for the distance of 200 rods, to the south branch of
Mill Brook in Fayston. In its course it swept every
thing in its way; overturning trees by their roots; de-
vasting them of roots, branches and bark, often break-
ing them in short pieces. A number of rocks were
moved to some distance, judged to weigh from 15 to
20 tons. From where it entered Mill Brook, its
course was a northerly direction 230 rods—the natu-
ral course of the brook, was very small; but the
channel cut by this freshet is now from 2 to 10 rods
in width; and on either side are large quantities of flood-
wood, piled up in many places very high, and from 15
to 20 rods of the lower part of it, is blocked up across
the channel in every direction. Some of the trees are
standing on their tops, and broken into many pieces.
The pile in some places is 10 feet high. Much of the
timber is apparently buried several feet in sand and
mud. One large birch tree was broken off square,
measuring three feet and nine inches where it was
broken. One black ash was literally pounded into a
broom, whose brush is seven feet long. The whole
distance of these ravages is a mile and a half, and the
quantity of land thus suddenly metamorphosed into a bar-
ren waste is 25 acres. The force of water must have
been very great, at which we cannot wonder when we
consider the probable depth of the water. In some
places, from appearances, it must have been 30 feet
high. Some of the trees on the side of the channel
were barked 30 to 40 feet high, and mud was on them
at that height.—Montpelier Vt. paper.

Avalanche.—Another of these destructive Land
Slides took place in Dorset, in Vermont, on the 27th
June, occasioned by the recent floods of rain. The
height of the mountain in this town is about two thou-
sand feet; the ascent steep; the ground loose, but not
shelving. From present appearances it would seem
that the very windows of Heaven had been opened;
that the clouds were literally broken, and that a solid
column of water, of gigantic size, had descended, in
two places, about half a mile distant from each other,
and with resistless fury swept away every thing with-
in its reach. The whole distance in which its ravages
are seen is about one mile and a quarter, and the area
would measure probably twenty acres.

Immense masses of earth and rocks which are judg-
ed to weigh from 50 to 100 tons, have been carried
one third and one half of a mile. Several blocks of
stone of four and five tons weight, are left upon large
piles of timber fifteen or twenty feet from the ground.
Trees of the largest size have been swept from the
place where they have stood for ages, and are now
congregated in rude but lofty piles at the base of the
elevation. The whole ground, thus cleared as it were
in a few moments, presents a wild and barren waste.
Not a stump, not a shrub or plant remains to tell that
vegetation was ever there, save two lonely trees near
the centre of the track, whose trunks twisted and
bent, seem weeping for lost companions, and sighing
over the wide spread desolation. Fortunately no
house was standing near the spot, and no human life
was lost.

MORALS OF THE NEW YORK THEATRE.
In consequence of the sudden indisposition of one
of the actresses, who was to have appeared in the new
afterpiece of the “One Hundred Pound Note,” the
play was necessarily changed by the managers. The
house was very full, and when the fact was announced
there was loud and disgraceful clamor. The man-
agers tried to pacify the mob, for mob it soon became,
by reasoning with them. But reason was not the dis-
tinction of the evening, and they were not heard. The
piece substituted was the “Actor of all Works,” with
which the company attempted to proceed, but they
were pelted with missiles, and assailed with cat-calls

and every species of theatrical noise, so that the first
act was gone through with in dumb show. Actors and
actresses looked imploringly, but to no purpose. With
the second act they could not proceed, and they re-
tired. The stage was then taken possession of by a
crowd of ragamuffin boys, and the scenery and cur-
tain pelted until about 1 o'clock in the morning.—
Thirty or forty watchmen had been called in; who
were stationed behind the scenes, but they forbore to
show themselves in order to save the property from the
destruction incident to a riotous encounter. Finally the
crowd, grown weary, retired to the lobbies, where
they marched to and fro, stamping with all their force,
and continuing their shouts. The opportunity was
seized by the managers. The lights were instantane-
ously extinguished, and the watchmen mounted into
the boxes, and through them passed into the lobby,
clearing the crowd before them. A few of the riot-
ers had remained in the boxes, and in the dark, four
or five of the elegant glass lamps were broken.

Twelve persons were arrested and committed to
prison. On Friday morning they were examined, and
all but three admitted to bail. It was on the whole a
most disgraceful affair.

Dr. Lieber's Swimming School opened on Monday
morning. It is placed in the channel, near to the Mill
Dam, and a boat is employed to convey the scholars
to and from the school. A correspondent, who visited
the school on that day, with his children, to ascertain
the convenience and safety of the arrangement, and
the manner of instruction, was perfectly gratified with
both. Apartments are prepared for the scholars, in
which they dress and undress.—While in the water, a
belt is placed about the bodies, under the arms, at-
tached to a rope and pole, by which the head and body
are kept in the proper position in the water, while the
pupil is learning the use of his limbs: this he will prob-
ably soon acquire, as he finds himself perfectly safe
from danger. The utmost order and decorum are ob-
served; and an opportunity is now presented, under
an able and accomplished instructor, for our children
to acquire an art, which will put into their power not
only to enjoy an exercise which is pleasant in itself
and most salutary for health, but to guard them from
the many casualties, to which they may be exposed in
life, from accidents on the water. Such an establish-
ment has been much wanted in this city, surrounded
as it is by the sea, and we hope it will meet with good
encouragement.—Boston Daily Ad.

WORTHY OF IMITATION. We rejoice to transfer to our
columns the following order, and we hope it will travel
through the States. It comes from the Heart of the
Commonwealth.—Mass Journal.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Worcester, ss.
At a Court of Sessions, begun and holden at Worces-
ter, within and for the County of Worcester, on the
fourth Tuesday of March, A. D. 1827, and by ad-
journment on the second Tuesday of May, A. D. 1827.
Ordered by the Court, That the Overseers of the
House of Correction be directed to discharge no per-
son from said House, who shall hereafter be confined
there as a Common Drunkard, before the expiration
of his sentence, until such person shall procure a cer-
tificate from the Physician of said House of Correc-
tion, that such Prisoner has submitted to such a course
of medical treatment as shall be prescribed by said
Physician.

A copy as of Record appears.
Attest,
ABJAH BIGELOW, Clerk.

Melancholy.—An affecting instance of the force of
sympathy and generous feeling in inducing even timid
females, to risk their own lives, in the hope of saving
a friend, or relative, occurred at Cumberland Hill, in
this State, 9th ult. Three young ladies of that place,
Emma, Louisa and Frances Ballou, walked to a pond,
the banks of which, it seems were very steep. Louisa,
in stooping, lost her balance, and fell into the wa-
ter, about fifteen feet deep. Emma, extending a hand
to her relief, was immediately drawn in, and the feel-
ings of the unfortunate Frances prompted her to plunge
after her companions. A lady, who was present,
(Mrs. Frost), succeeded in relieving Emma from this
perilous situation, and her cries summoning some per-
sons to their aid, Louisa was also taken from the wa-
ter, but in the mean time, the ill-fated Frances had
fallen a victim to her benevolence, and sunk to rise
no more animated with the spark of existence. She
was the daughter of Mr. Eliel Ballou, and in the
spring of life, not 15 years of age. Her companions
were daughters of Mr. Ziba Ballou. On the 10th, the
body was interred with solemn and impressive cere-
monies.—Proe. American.

INTENDED MUTINY.
Narrow Escape.—Captain

POETS' DEPARTMENT.

THE GRAVES OF MARTYRS.

The Kings of old have shone and tomb,
In many a minister's haughty gloom;
And green along the ocean-side,
The mounds arise where Heroes died;
But show me, on thy flowery breast,
Earth! where thy nameless Martyrs rest!

Ten thousands, that unheeded by praise,
Made one offering of their days;
For Truth, for Heaven, for Freedom's sake,
Resigned the bitter cup to take,
And silently, in fearless faith,
Bowing their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they, Earth?—by no proud stone
Their narrow couch of rest is known,
The still sad glory of their name,
Hallows no mountain unto Fame;
No—not a tree the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.

Yet haply all around lie strewn
The ashes of that multitude;
It may be that each day we tread
Where thus devoted hearts have bled,
And the young flowers our children sow,
Take root in holy dust below.

Oh! that the many rustling leaves
Which round our homes the summer weaves,
Or that the streams, in whose glad voice
Our own familiar paths rejoice,
Might whisper through the starry sky
To tell where those best slumbers lie!

Would not our inmost hearts be stilled
With knowledge of their presence filled,
And by their breathings taught to prize
The meekness of self-sacrifice?
—But the old words and sounding waves
Are silent of those humble graves.

Yet what if no light footprint there
In pilgrim love and awe repair?
So let it be!—like Him whose clay
Deep buried by his Master lay,
They sleep in secret—but their soul,
Unknown to man, is marked of God.

MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

From the Philadelphia.

THE MINISTER.

The time came for the people to assemble in the church. Every house within the range of the eye seemed to give forth at least a great majority of its inmates. The church was soon filled. That deep and conscious stillness, known only in times of revival, but felt and acknowledged from the inmost heart, pervaded the assembled congregation. The minister now entered, passed up the broad aisle, ascended the pulpit stairs, and sat down in the desk with a countenance such as was delineated to the imagination of the poet when he said

"Much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look
And tender in address as well become
A messenger of grace to guilty man."

He rose in the midst of an assembly that could scarcely have looked more solemn, had it been, instead of the tribunal of mercy and a fellow mortal for his messenger, the tribunal of judgment and the great King of glory enthroned to pronounce upon the final destinies of men. He was not visible to the eye of sense, but the eye of the mind saw Him with awful distinctness. He rose, and gave out the hymn.

Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

The heart and voice seemed equally engaged in bearing this tender invitation to sinners. To those in whom the light of hope had recently been kindled, it came with a refreshing sweetness. To the awakened, anxious and convicted soul, it came without a power to charm, because the rebellious heart was still there. The flinty heart of the awakened sinner was alike insensible to the mercies of the gospel and the terrors of the law. Then followed a humble, fervent and importunate prayer, the main object of which seemed to be to implore the protection and the efficient power of the Holy Spirit for that evening and that assembly. Another hymn was sung, when the minister rose and pronounced his text from Rev. iii. 20. "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in unto him and sup with him and he with me." He described the high and condescending character of Him who speaks in this passage, connected as it is with the most enduring, though not absolutely inexhaustible patience, represented in the epithet of the monarch of Israel by the simple and affecting figure of his "head filled with the dew, and his locks with the drops of the night." He showed how easy the conditions on which the illustrious guest, who sought admission into the hearts of his hearers, would enter and there abide as in the temple of his august habitation; he depicted in most inviting colors the happiness of the soul, that, yielding to the mild persuasion of the heavenly visitor, had welcomed him, and was now enjoying communion with Him at the banquet which his love had provided; he seemed to anticipate with a vivid and rapturous feeling, the scene of the bridal supper of the Lamb, and his tongue, his eye, his every feature, his whole person gave quick and eloquent utterance to the glowing sentiments, which the subject, the occasion, and the high excitement of feeling were so well adapted to inspire. He closed his discourse with a plain and tremendous warning to all those who, "steeling their hearts against the tenderness of Jesus, and drawing the sevenfold bolts and bars of unbelief," should coldly turn him away, and reject his counsel and love. They might knock at heaven's gate with all the earnestness of men under whose feet the ground was already trembling and giving way to its fall in the faithless gulf, but it would be too late! The master of the house will then have risen and shut the door, which shuts them out of heaven for ever!

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

From the Christian Watchman.

A SOLEMN WARNING TO PARENTS.
MR. EDITOR,—Not many months since, while visiting a friend in the town of P., Mass., the following occurrence was related to me, as having recently taken place in that neighborhood:

A young lady, aged about eighteen, was suddenly cast upon a sick bed. Her opportunities for acquiring a religious education had been small, for she was not a child of fortune; and her parents, especially her father, cared not for the things of eternity, and wholly disregarded the salvation of the souls of his children. A few weeks previously to her sickness, her attention had in some measure been arrested by the pious prayers and admonitions of her instructor, but she had no hope beyond the grave. Her fever raged, reason in a measure forsook its throne, and marks of her final dissolution were evident to all around her. When she was informed that her case was desperate, and that a few more days, or hours, would terminate her earthly existence, she was seized with a sudden revulsion of mind, and her faculties of her soul were awakened, even in her moments of derangement, to the interests of eternity. She expressed the deepest solicitude for the salvation of her soul, and that her peace might be

made with God. But, though she wished for longer life, and hoped that those near her last moments, the closing scene soon came. Just before the soul took its flight, her father entered the room to take his leave of his dear child, when she immediately turned her dying eyes upon him, and with vehemence, though with a faltering tongue, exclaimed, "There is the father, who never told me that I was born to die! There is the father, who never instructed me in the things of religion, and told me that there was a heaven and a hell! There is the father, who never read the Bible to me, nor prayed for me! Oh, what a father! and now I am going to eternity!"

I will not attempt to describe the remorse, that must harrow up the conscience of such a father, while standing by the dying bed of a dear child. Let those who are parents judge. I cannot but add, *Let those who are parents, beware, and bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.*

RHIO.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

HANNAH MORE.

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth,
Wisely didst shun the broad way and the green,
And with those few that were eminently seen,
That labored upon the hill of heavenly Truth,
The letter part with Mary and with Ruth,
Chosen thou hast.

Millon.

Mrs. Hannah More was born in 1745, and is the daughter of a clergyman whose residence was at Hanham, near Bristol. Her love of knowledge early displayed itself, and induced her, after exhausting the slender domestic library, to have recourse to borrowing from her village friends. She removed in the year 1765, with her four sisters, to Bristol, where they jointly conducted a boarding-school for young ladies, with great and deserved celebrity. Some of her earliest productions, which were in the dramatic form, owed their existence to a desire of furnishing her pupils with proper poetical recitations. Her talents and virtues gained not only the patronage of men of taste and science, but the firm friendship of some of the most illustrious names which the present age has inscribed on the annals of Great Britain. After continuing for many years in the interesting work of education, the sisters retired to Barley-Wood in Wiltshire, near Somersetshire, where a beautiful cottage and grounds were arranged and ornamented by their united taste.

By those who attach value to the minutest circumstances connected with genius and piety, we shall be forgiven for adding that almost every tree in this delightful retreat has been planted by Mrs. H. More's own hand, and that a little cabinet-table, from whence has issued many a sheet for the edification of mankind, is elegantly inlaid with small diamond-shaped pieces of wood, from the trees of her own rearing.

In various works of charity, particularly in the establishment of schools for the poor, these excellent sisters co-operated, bringing to the relief of ignorance and penury, the unvaried energy of congenial spirits. In this hallowed seclusion, the three elder inmates paid the debt of nature, in the order of their birth, each having attained her 75th year; and in the autumn of 1819, the youngest was taken, at the age of 67, leaving the beloved survivor to pursue a solitary pilgrimage. This utter bereavement of relatives serves to place in stronger relief the consolations of that religion which she has so often recommended to others, while the patient magnanimity which she opposes to the ills of time, sickness, and sorrow, evinces her strength and solace are not of this world. She still continues to exercise hospitality, and to charm by the vivacity of her conversation, the multitude of guests who seek the honor of a personal interview.—The youngest visitant finds her condescension of manner suddenly dispelling the awe which her talents had inspired, and the stranger who approaches Barley-Wood with the thrill of undefined apprehensions, leaves it cheered by the benevolence of an angel. The following graphic description of her, is from the pen of an American gentleman, who visited her habitation in the spring of 1821:—

"Mrs. More is rather short, but otherwise of an unusual size, with a face that could never have been handsome, and never other than agreeable. She has the brightest and most intellectual eye that I ever saw in an aged person; it was clear, and seemed as fully awake with mind and soul, as it had but lately opened on a world full of novelty. The whole of her face was strongly characterized by cheerfulness. I had once thought the world was deficient in a knowledge of the means of rendering old age agreeable, and it crossed my mind that I would suggest to Mrs. More, that she might better than any person supply this deficiency. But it was better than a volume on this subject, to see her. I understood the whole art of making old age peaceful, tranquil, happy, at a glance. It is only to exert our talents in the cause of virtue as she has done, and in age be like her. It was a strong lecture, and I would not forget it."

In tracing the literary course of this distinguished personage, from her first production, the "Search after Happiness," to her last, the "Spirit of Prayer," embracing a period of nearly half a century, it is impossible not to be impressed with that spirit of benevolence which pervades the whole. Those who have tasted the sweetness of fame, will best know how to estimate that strength of principle, which led her to renounce the exercise of her dramatic powers, after they had won the fascinating meed of popular applause, from a doubt whether a Christian might safely countenance the stage.

In the perusal of her writings, we are surprised both at their diversity of subject, and compass of thought. That genius must be endowed with no common versatility, which could with equal ease mark out the map of futelage for a Princess, or hold amidst the darkness of the mines, a lamp of truth to the miserable colliers; touch the tenderest imagery of the heart in the poem on "Sensibility," or illustrate the rudiments of a peasant's faith, in the ballad of "Dan and Jane," soar into the highest regions of sublimity, following the very chiefest of the apostles, or descend with the "Postilion," to the "Poacher," and the "Orange Girl." A mind fitted to range in the departments of fancy, and to clothe its conceptions with all the richness of poetic allusion, must be eminent in self-control, to humble itself to the petty and painful details which the science of human wretchedness imposes.

But though the works of Mrs. More display, both in plan and style, such unusual variety, a principle of moral unity is prominent in all. The negative merit of merely doing no evil, with which many of the imaginative writers of the present day are satisfied, has not been sufficient for her who in her literary efforts sought not the praise of men in opposition to the praise of God. In all her tales, whether complicated or simple, she has clearly kept in view the best interests of society, toiling to "give ardor to virtue, and confidence to truth." In the composition of her characters, Vice is never decorated with that dazzling garniture which captivates the unguarded heart, thus forming associations which Religion must either dispossess or purify.

Some of her best didactic works are devoted peculiarly to the benefit of her own sex, discouraging frivolity of pursuit, and pointing out the latent power which they might exercise to elevate and improve society, without violating that law of subordination which Heaven has enjoined. In regarding the effect, as well as the tendency of her writings, it is not too much to suppose that the civil institutions of her country have profited by that spirit of patriotism and masculine force of argument, which fearlessly admonishing nobility of its obligations, and inciting poverty to duty, has labored to rectify public opinion, to remove prejudices against just government, and to resolve the safety of a nation into the early and pious nature of its subjects.

The diffusion of the works of Mrs. More has in some

measure kept pace with their intrinsic value. It may almost be said that their "speech has gone forth to the ends of the world." Beside their wide circulation wherever her native tongue is spoken, portions of them have been translated into the languages of France, Germany and Ceylon. In this far country of England's planting, they have been extensively, and warmly appreciated. They have been incorporated with the elements of a young nation's literature, and blended with the sources of its happiness and glory. Companions of the Bible, they have travelled with the family of the emigrant to the uncultivated wilds, and forest frontiers.—There, where the woodman's axe wakens echoes which had slept from creation, the isolated matron is cheered by "Practical Piety" to her laborious duties, introduces the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" to her delighted household, or marks her babes weeping tender tears at the deliverance of the credulity prophet from the devouring Nile. The spirit of stern republicanism which stood undaunted by the armed host and regalia of Britain, has been moved by the gentle breathings from the shades of Barley-Wood. It could resist the fire, and the tempest, and the earthquake of oppressive power, but not the still small voice of consecrated intellect.

If, as this revered authoress has asserted, "there be between him who writes, and him who reads, a kind of coalition of interests, a partnership of mental property, a joint stock of tastes and ideas, how great must be her satisfaction, who over so wide a field has sown from life's dawn till its late decline, only seeds of virtue, and germs of that wisdom which turneth the soil to righteousness; to whom many of different kindreds and tongues, might address what she herself said of an interior moralist,

"If some faint love of goodness glow in me,
Pure spirit! I first caught that flame from thee."

A blessing the most desirable in this life, most powerful over the destinies of the next, has been granted her, that influence of mind over mind, which entering alike the palace and the cottage, silently rendering its inmates wiser and better; an influence which will exist when the distinctions of rank and wealth are forgotten, and their proudest monuments moulder into dust.—*Episcopal Watchman.*

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

SPECIMENS OF JUVENILE COMPOSITION.

Written by Miss E. F. H. of Walpole, Mass., aged 12 years.

ON TRUTH.

If we hold the truth, we hold a virtuous principle, which ought never to be removed from us. Those who do not regard the truth, what are they, but liars? We never ought to let a word drop from our lips, but what we know to be true. God knows every thing we do; all our words, actions, and thoughts; He knows who are liars, and who are not; so if we wish to live in his favor, we must mind all our words and actions. But we are all of us too careless to do right in the sight of God; that which appears evil in his sight, would appear to us to be right. Those who are sensible and learned people ought always to practise speaking the truth, and most of them do; but wicked and ignorant people, who know nothing of religion and all its blessings, how little do they regard the truth!

ON FRIENDSHIP.

How sweet the tie that binds two friends! What can be a greater comfort than to have a friend into whose bosom we can pour our joy or grief! If we feel sorrowful there hangs a weight upon us which nothing but a kind, affectionate friend can alleviate; if we feel joy we want some one to share our joy with us. O, how sweet are the words which flow from a friend's mouth when trying to lessen our grief; the song of thoughtfulness is not so pleasant, nor the beautiful rose sweeter. Affectionate looks and kind words soothe our wounded feelings. Nothing can sever the ties of true friendship—that friendship which lives when our friends live—does not though they die. Though they are beyond the aid of human kindness we think of the pleasant hours we have spent when they dwelt with us.

THE INFANT EXHORTATION.

AN ANECDOTE.

A middle aged man, who has been for many years successfully engaged in a business which has taken him for months together to a distance from home, from Christian society, and from all the means of grace, and whose habits and feelings were such and so fixed, that to all human appearance he was far, very far indeed, from the kingdom of God, has been deeply awakened and hopefully converted to holiness by the instrumentality of his own daughter, a little girl about seven years old. One evening towards the close of last year, she came in from school, and seated herself beside her father. As she was later than usual, he inquired where she had been. Her reply was, "I have been in at one of the neighbors, where I have heard the father of the family pray.—With the artless simplicity and affection of a little child, she then looked up into his father's face, and imprinting a kiss upon his lips, said, 'Father, why don't you pray? I love to hear prayers; I pray every night for you and mother, that we may be happy and love one another.' It was too much; the father was overcome, burst into tears, and hastened out of the room. These remarks from this child, says the writer of this letter, have effected what I thought never would have been accomplished, a complete change in the father. He determined to commence the new year with family prayer, and to continue it while he lived. On the morning of the new year, he addressed his wife with tenderness, told her his resolution, knelt down in his chamber, and fervently poured forth his supplications at the throne of grace. He has since continued firm in his resolves, and bids fair to become an ornament to society, and a worthy member of the church.—The pastor of one of the Presbyterian churches has since called on him, at his own request, for serious conversation, and he will soon make a public profession of religion. Such is the narrative, and thus has God in this instance ordained strength out of the mouth of a babe.—Let every Christian admire the grace of God, and take courage to pray and labor for the conversion of his impenitent friends.

Devotion.—It is of the utmost importance to season the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while, by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

OBITUARY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

ISRAEL LITTLE ESQ.

Departed this life, in hopes of a glorious resurrection, ISRAEL LITTLE, Esq. of Washington city. His journeying here below ended on Saturday the 23d of June, in the 46th year of his age; twenty-six of which were spent in the enjoyment of religion. Mr. Little was a prominent member of the Methodist Church for many years, and ever manifested a zeal for the cause of Christ, not only in practising its principles in his family, but also in teaching others the glorious plan of salvation. As an exhorter and class leader he was the honored instrument in turning many to righteousness; and in him were united qualities happily calculated to the proper discharge of those important duties. Always abounding in gratitude to his Creator, he withheld not the hand of charity from those

in distress, but administered to their wants both temporal and spiritual. The sorrow manifested at his removal from us by his neighbors and the circle in which he moved, is the best evidence of his worth and usefulness. As a husband and father he was attentive and affectionate; he was an agreeable companion—a true friend. By the dispensation of Divine Wisdom, society has sustained a heavy loss, and his family an irreparable bereavement. In his life he exemplified the excellency of Christianity by a constant discharge of its duties; and through the lapse of many years maintained the character of a useful and uniform Christian.

In his last illness which was but of short duration, he maintained an unshaken confidence in his Redeemer, and anticipated his resurrection from the grave with peculiar delight. In speaking of the glorious change he expected shortly to realize, he exultingly exclaimed,

"There we shall see his face,
And never, never more!
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in."

and requested that we would sing, which we did; and separately commending his family to God, remarked to his aged mother, "it will not be long before we meet again," exhorted those who had not embraced religion, especially his elder brother, to "give up all, and at the risk of life itself" never to rest without an interest in the death of Christ; he said, "we only part but for a season."

Thus died in peace our beloved brother, leaving an aged parent, and affectionate wife and family, together with an afflicted society, to lament his loss.
Washington, July 1827. R. H.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MRS. MEHITABLE MARTIN.

The subject of this memoir was born of respectable parents, in the town of Bath, N. H. May 23th, 1798. Her mother, Mrs. Ruth Bacon, was among the first fruits of Methodism in this section of the country. Of the very early life of Mrs. Martin nothing remarkable is recollected. She was beloved as a child and as a sister; she was highly esteemed by her youthful companions. When she arrived to the years of understanding she manifested a degree of seriousness, and frequently attended to secret prayer. In October, 1819, her seriousness was greatly increased by the sudden death of a beloved sister. About this time the word of God seemed to be mysterious and his judgments past finding out; both of her parents were removed by death. In December, 1819, she was married to a respectable gentleman, by the name of S. Martin. Sept. 1821, with her companion, she attended a Camp-meeting in Lisbon, N. H. At this meeting the Lord set her soul at liberty, and gave her the evidence that her sins were forgiven. There was another circumstance which gave her great encouragement at this meeting; the Lord in mercy directed an arrow to the heart of her companion, so that he went home resolved to seek the Lord; her prayers and counsels were of great service to him; he sought and found the Lord to the joy of his heart. The same autumn they were both baptized and joined the Methodist church, and ever since that time their house has been a home for the ministers of the gospel. The Lord has often refreshed the souls of his servants while bowed before the altar with this kind family. It is desired that all the preachers who have become acquainted with this hospitable family in former years, will remember, at the throne of grace, a lonesome husband and four beloved children, who are left to mourn the loss of a companion and mother.

But to return; Sister Martin always possessed a delicate constitution. For two years previous to the birth of her youngest child, which was in August, 1826, she had been troubled with a cough. For several weeks after her confinement she was as comfortable as could be expected. But soon her cough returned upon her; all possible means were used for her recovery in vain. Her disorder, which was a consumption, appeared to be confirmed. She now viewed herself upon the frontiers of another world. About this time, she passed through some painful exercises of mind concerning her spiritual state; she seemed anxious to know whether all was done that she could do for her neighbors and children; she often mourned because she had been so backward in the best of causes. One thing is worthy of notice—she was appointed, and these parents united in giving up their children to God in the holy ordinance of baptism. It is to be lamented that so few parents give some account of their last sickness.

She was greatly afflicted in her body, Tuesday, April 17th; through the day she was unable to speak a word, but was happy in her mind, and in the evening she was enabled to exhort us to be faithful to the Lord, and render to Him our whole hearts. A brother came in late who did not profess religion, she renewed her exhortations to him to seek the Lord.—Wednesday evening a number of the sisters in Christ were present; she whispered and said here are those who have assisted in taking care of me; she exhorted them to be faithful to the Lord, saying, He is worthy of our whole attention. Then, with an audible voice, she said, "Yes, He is every thing we need." At this time she raised her hands and clasped them, giving praise and glory to God. At other times, when she had passed through the most severe sufferings in her body, and being unable to speak for some time, she would then revive again, and speak of the goodness of God.

When her companion and other friends were seen to weep, she would say, "don't weep for me; let me go; weep for yourselves and poor sinners." She asked us to sing, "I'm happy—I'm happy—O wondrous account," &c. Then she said, "I thought I was going, but I shall not just yet." At this time her eyes were shut, her brother was seated near her, he raised her hand, put it to his face, calling him her brother; then she held out her hand to all in the room, bidding them "farewell." At this time her companion came into the room; she embraced him and bid him an affectionate farewell; she opened her eyes, saw her little girls, kissed them and they her; then she desired us to sing,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are," &c.

Then we united in singing a few lines with this chorus,
"Oh, heaven, sweet heaven," &c.

After this she seemed to enjoy the same peaceful frame of mind, until she fell asleep in the arms of death, May 14th, 1827, in the 29th year of her age. Her funeral was attended May 16th. A discourse was delivered to a very solemn and attentive congregation, from these appropriate words, chosen by herself some time previous to her death; Isaiah xxvi. 3, 4, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

She selected the following lines to be sung on her funeral occasion.

Sweet are the joys of social life,
They move a feeling heart;
But tender hands must all dissolve—
Lovers and friends must part.

One is a friend of twofold tie—
A mother and a wife;
How does the living partner mourn,
How gloomy is his life.

And see the tender offspring, too,
The branches of the vine,
They languish for their native stock,
And round a father twine.

What once a common charge was felt,
Alone the father bears;
He feels his own and children's loss,
And double are his cares.

But God is able to support,
And will impart his grace
To all who put their trust in Him
And humbly seek his face.

Our Saviour, God, will hear our cries—
In grief we share his love,
He sees the mourner in distress,
And feels his pity move.

To Jesus make your sorrows known,
And banish all your fears,
His hands will raise your sinking hope,
And wipe away your tears.

HASKEL WHELOCK,
Lyndon, Vt. July 7, 1827.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MRS. ABIGAIL C. PEARCE.

Died, in Newport, R. I. on the morning of the 4th of July, Mrs. Abigail C., wife of the Hon. Dutee J. Pearce, and daughter of the late Col. James Perry, aged 34. Her disease was the consumption—her confinement long, and her sufferings extreme, especially for the last few weeks of her life. Though for years she had been strongly attached to the interests of our society, and liberally gave of her substance to its support, yet, on her near approach to eternity, she felt that she was unprepared for the society of heaven. With this conviction she fled to Christ for refuge to hold of the hope set before her in the gospel. Her conversion was deep and distressing—her conversion clear and convincing. A few days previous to her death, by her own request, the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper were administered to her, and she was received as a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This she considered as her last work. She was now ready to die, nor did the Lord long delay her coming. She heard his call and bid the world adieu, sweetly falling asleep in the arms of victory, in joyful hope of a happy transition from the church militant to the church triumphant in heaven.

She has left a deeply afflicted husband and five bereaved children to mourn their irreparable loss.
Newport, July 13, 1827. SAMUEL NORRIS.

THE GATHERER.

A LITTLE LEARNING.

Mr. Thomas Campbell, in his late inaugural speech at the Glasgow University, thus alludes to the asserted danger of a little learning.—"Such of you as have been but shortly in this institution, I would not to be ashamed of a little learning. Many were individuals think a little learning useless; and some, in their wisdom, call it 'dangerous.' To despise a little learning is like the action of the individual who should shut his windows because they were too narrow, or that the glass had not the powers of a telescope. Despite pedantry as much as you please; but adopt not this miserable principle. In your studies I would not advise that formal division of labor that keeps the pin man in his factory in such exact order. Newton made geometry illustrate physical science; and Richter, in later times, has followed up the great example. Let the mind have its choice as far as possible; and however numerous may be the subjects it may go into—however distracted the rays of truth may be that it gathers from them—doubt not they will one day blend themselves into the white light of inspiration! Think not the stream of study will be shallower by expansion; be confident rather that with a mind devoted to its subject, it will be profounded from its breadth."—*Dorset Chronicle.*

The *Reluctant Courtier*.—In the House of Lords on the 4th of May, the Marquis of Londonderry, among other temperate remarks, made the following:—"For my Lords," said he, "when I look upon the benches opposite, however I may admire the dexterity of the artificer who composed the edifice of a sort of rubbish, after divesting it of its main pillars, its ornaments and its strength, I cannot bring myself to think much of its durability." Lord Goderich having considered himself included in the rubbish, the Marquis explained that he meant the term to apply to those who had newly come in. As soon, therefore, as Lord King could get an opportunity of speaking, he rose and remarked, "that allusion having been made to a building, he would give a definition of the sort of rubbish, any person who was practically acquainted with building houses must know, that what was sent away from the building, was the rubbish." This just rebuke of the Marquis caused loud and general laughter.

Anger.—The first emotions of anger should always be suppressed. This is good policy, whether right or wrong. One's mind cannot see clearly in the whirlwind of passion. If anger and high passion should ever be indulged, let the feelings rise gradually into that lofty region. By this means you carry your auditors with you, and intimidate much more your antagonists. A winged spirit might reach the top of the Andes in a single flight, but if he wants to carry men with him, he must accommodate his progress to their weakness.

The wife of Dryden, one morning, having come into his study at an unreasonable time, when he was intently employed in some composition, and finding her husband did not attend to her, exclaimed, "Mr. Dryden you are always poring upon these dusty books; I wish you do become a book, pray let it be an almanac; for then at the end of the year I shall lay you quietly on the shelf, and shall be able to pursue my studies without interruption."

DILIGENCE.

If you would be useful and happy, you must be diligent. Idleness is the rust of the soul. It will certainly clothe the mind in ignorance as the body in rags. The compass of human life is but a span. The bloom of youth, if not despoiled by the untimely stroke of death, must soon give place to gray hairs and wrinkles. The fair morning of life is shortly succeeded by the setting sun; the gay attire of spring, by the autumn and the winter. If you live to become head of families and active members of the community, many temporal cares and duties will devolve upon you. In addition to all these, your great work for eternity must be done in this short life, or remain undone forever.

Lay these things together, and your conscience will bear witness, that time is precious beyond all price. Yes! eternity hangs on every breath! Infinite consequences beat in every pulse! And yet how precious fleeting time be carelessly and extravagantly squandered! How soon is a minute wasted! It is made up of minutes. Take care then of the small portions, the fragments of time. Gather them up, nothing be lost. Take care of your long winter evenings—they are the most precious part of the whole year. The flight of time is rapid and resistless. The steady sun and the rolling seasons measure out your days. The grave is before you.

Abundance of the English laws.—To burn a house which the criminal is tenant at will, is capital; but if he has a lease, it is only a misdemeanor. To wound a cattle is a penal crime; to wound a man is a capital misdemeanor. A comedian who performs in a theatre royal, is a reputed person; but if the same comedian plays the same character in a theatre which wants the stamp of royalty, he is a rogue and a vagabond. A gentleman of large property may hunt on the ground of a man of small property, while a man of small property may not hunt on his own ground. Peers and members of Parliament cannot be arrested for debt, but their creditors may.—*London paper.*

PUBLISHED BY

Vol. V.

ZION'S HERALD.

CONFERENCE PRESS—CONGR.

T. ASHLEY, PRINTER.

CONDITIONS.

Dollars and Fifty Cents a year.—One half of January, the other the first of July.

No subscription received for less than half a year's papers will be forwarded to all subscribers made for their discontinuance.

All are allowed every tenth copy.—All the communications are authorized to act as communications, they are required to be given, giving the name and residence of subscribers, amount to be credited to each, in all communications intended for publication, or should be addressed to the Publisher.

All communications (except those of Agents) must be paid.

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FOR ZION'S HERALD.

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I saw another angel flying through the mid-

Prophecy is generally expressed in the

boldest figures. There is a divine cast

language, a brilliancy of thought, and

in all its outlines. Here is a magis-

tation of descriptive imagery. An angel